ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
MAY 2 1964
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA, OHIO

THE Commonweal

SPRING BOOK ISSUE

The Wars of Wyndham Lewis

George Greene

On Women Novelists

Doris Grumbach

If Winter Comes: A Story

Joseph E. Kokjohn

ANNE FREMANTLE *JOHN COGLEY* *W. E. ARNOLD*
JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER *PHILIP T. HARTUNG*
JOHN FANDEL *DOROTHY HUNT* *THOMAS P. McDONNELL*

VOLUME LXXX, NO. 7 MAY 8, 1964 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fides Publishers

YOU ARE CALLED TO GREATNESS

Leo J. TRESE

A summons to sainthood for every man by America's most popular spiritual writer. Father Trese gently but persuasively leads the reader to consider his own sanctity; he leads him to look at the virtues, prayer, action and self-knowledge which are a part of his daily life. Written in the grand tradition of *Many Are One* and *More Than Many Sparrows.* $3.25

THE PROPHETS AND THE WORD OF GOD

Carroll STUHLMUELLER, C.P.

Alive with the fire of the prophet's voice, this noted scripture scholar vitalizes the concept that the prophets out of the past have an urgent message for men of today. A valuable aid to understanding the nature of prophecy and the vocation and message of the prophets. Introduction by Bernard Cooke, S.J. $4.95

THE MASS, SOURCE OF SANCTITY

Francois CHARMOT, S.J.

A *spiritual exploration* of the inexhaustible riches that flow from "the source of all holiness"—the Sacrifice of the Mass. The author frames his work with the love contained in the eucharistic sacrifice and reveals it as a mystery of unity and as a source of sanctity. Excellent for retreat reading and daily contemplation. $5.50

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

H. CORNELIS, O.P., ET AL.

A rare book on the glorious destiny of the human body. Follows the development of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body from the pagan concept of transmigration of the soul to its full revelation in Christianity. Comprehensible to the intelligent layman while retaining a high standard of scholarship. Volume 5 of the *Themes of Theology* series. $4.50

THE DIOCESAN PRIEST

Gustave THILS

A beginning of new and vitally important research on the nature and spirituality of the diocesan priesthood. This timely book reviews the scriptural bases, the ordination ceremonies and the specific character of diocesan spirituality. The first step toward providing an answer to a provocative question confronting the Church today. $5.50

INTRODUCTION TO THE GREAT RELIGIONS

Jean DANIELOU, S.J., ET AL.

From eight experts in the field of religions, including Father Danielou, comes this invitation to active ecumenism. A timely and intriguing picture of the world's great religions set in a frame of Christianity. Includes an introduction to Islamism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Judaism, the religions of Japan, primitive religions of nature and contemporary atheism. $3.25

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

A Short BIBLE

This widely acclaimed Short Bible is now available in paperback! Makes the story of salvation easily understood. Lengthy and obscure passages are summarized in language that is readable and retains the original beauty and accuracy of biblical expression. Paper $2.45

LOOKING TOWARD MARRIAGE

John L. THOMAS, S.J.

This marriage course for high school seniors is the first of a number of "companions" to *The Christian Life Series* by Sister Jane Marie Murray, O.P. Written by a well-known authority in the field of marriage and family. With teacher aids. Paper $1.95

Write for complete list

Fides Publishers, Inc. **Notre Dame, Ind.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Nuclear Slow-Down

SIGNS ARE MULTIPLYING of increasing relaxation of the tensions between the United States and Soviet Russia. For a variety of reasons, largely economic, both sides are beginning to do some paring of defense expenditures. In the name of efficiency Secretary McNamara has announced the shutting down of a number of American bases and the cutting down of the operations of others—in twenty-nine of our states and four unspecified foreign countries. Seven thousand, five hundred American soldiers, the number rushed to Germany as reinforcements at the height of the Berlin Wall crisis, are being returned to this country.

Soviet Russia in its turn is gradually withdrawing the bulk of its forces that had remained in Castro's Cuba, leaving only a skeleton contingent of several hundred technicians. In the end this could easily increase tensions, for it is not wholly certain that Cuban anti-aircraft crews will exercise the same restraint as their Russian tutors when our U-2 planes continue a surveillance that serves as a substitute for Russian-agreed-to inspection on the ground.

Other developments serve as somewhat of a counterbalance to possible difficulties over Cuba. Release of the American airmen shot down over East Germany, the Russo-American consular agreement, with the provision that Americans arrested in the U.S.S.R. may be visited by our consul there, and the possibility of greater trade between the United States and the Soviet bloc are among them. Washington is scrutinizing the problem of converting defense plants to civilian use and is instituting a year-long study to determine whether conscription into the armed forces needs to be continued after 1967, when our present draft legislation will have reached its term.

It is in this atmosphere—and with the annual upsurge of spring—that the announcement by America, Britain and Soviet Russia of plans to curtail their production of fissionable materials for nuclear weapons has aroused new hope of controls and disarmament. What each agreed to after considerable quiet negotiation between the heads of state is actually very little. With the enriched uranium and plutonium now on hand, both the Soviet Union and the United States can increase still further their overkill capacities.

The verification which the United States asked for during these negotiations was not granted. Meanwhile the Geneva disarmament conference has recessed until June with nothing to show for its latest session, while the Defense Department has assured suppliers that its budget will continue at the fifty-billion-dollar level for the next five years. And plans for an Allied Polaris surface fleet are being stepped up.

THE CUTTING DOWN of fissionable material production by the three principal atomic powers, however economic its motivation, is important primarily as a symbol. Following hard upon the test-ban agreement, plus an agreement not to orbit thermonuclear weapons, it represents one more step toward a full-fledged slowing down of an arms race that threatens mankind with obliteration. If the mood of lesser tension between Russia and the West persists, this step can lead to more substantial progress.

Perhaps of even greater potentiality than the agreement's psychological effect is the framework under which it was arrived at. The method of "mutual agreement" can be more and more widely utilized as common interests and mutual confidence grow. If the complex problem of progressive disarmament is approached in similar fashion, assuredly there would be new possibilities in such areas as simultaneous reductions of military expenditures, troop withdrawals and more effective means of safeguarding both sides from surprise attack. In time this might even lead to Soviet willingness to consider a limited sort of international inspection, the missing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

key to effective control and reduction of armaments. The "mutual agreement" procedure has the advantage of tackling the disarmament problem quietly and step-by-step.

The Prayer Amendment

REPRESENTATIVE Frank J. Becker (R.-N.Y.) is a determined man. For twenty-two months he urged Emanuel Celler (D.-N.Y.), Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, to hold hearings on the 147 resolutions introduced in the House to override recent Supreme Court rulings on the unconstitutionality of prayers and Bible-reading in public schools. He finally succeeded, despite the Chairman's misgivings, and the "Becker Amendment," designed to amend the Constitution by specifically allowing prayer and Bible-reading in the schools, is now the subject of hearings being held by the Judiciary Committee. To guard against any possible slip-up, Mr. Becker is also collecting signatures for a discharge petition which would take the matter out of committee and onto the House floor. So far, close to 170 signatures have been gathered, with 218 needed for discharge.

Mr. Becker's parliamentary zeal is matched by an equally single-minded ideological fervor. Anyone opposed to the amendment must, of necessity, be a member of a "fraternity of secularists." He is not alone in his strong feelings. Representative Howard W. Smith, chairman of the House Rules Committee, has testified that he will "support almost anything that will tell the Supreme Court to keep its nose out of religion." Nor is the voice of the people absent: the committee has received a petition with 136,000 signatures calling for legislation which would permit prayer in the public schools.

We ought to be impressed, we suppose, with such strong feelings. Clearly, there are many Americans who believe the nation is sliding down the primrose path of secularism (with some sharp nudges from the Supreme Court). And there are no doubt countless Americans who believe, with Representative Smith, that "We're reaching the end of the road whether we are going to be a religious nation or not." Who can forget, for that matter, the cries of protest which rent the air after the prayer and Bible-reading decisions?

We remain unmoved. The idea of a constitutional amendment—an amendment of the First Amendment—to bring prayer back into the school strikes us as a dangerous, a very dangerous, idea. The First Amendment has served this country well: it has helped to preserve freedom of religion and saved us from an established religion. This is what it was intended to do. As unhappy as the Court decisions left

THIS WEEK

EDITORIALS

187 Nuclear Slow-Down

188 The Prayer Amendment

NEWS & VIEWS

189 Long, Hot Summer

ARTICLES, FEATURES

190 J.F.K.—A Final Word
by John Cogley

192 April Fool's Day in Brazil
by Francisco de Alencar Arraes

194 Getting Nowhere Fast?
by James O'Gara

195 The Wars of Wyndham Lewis
by George Greene

198 On Women Novelists
by Doris Grumbach

200 If Winter Comes: A Story
by Joseph E. Kokjohn

210 Letter from Paris
by Anne Fremantle

VERSE

208 The Silence Within
by Sister Claude of Jesus, S.N.J.M.

DEPARTMENTS

208 The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung

210 Books

THE COMMONWEAL

232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*
JAMES O'GARA, *Managing Editor*
DANIEL CALLAHAN, *Associate Editor*
JOHN LEO, *Associate Editor*

PHILIP T. HARTUNG, *Movie Critic*
JOHN FANDEL, *Poetry*
WILLIAM V. SHANNON, *Washington*
ROBERT BARRAT, *Paris*
GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN, *Rome*
J. M. CAMERON, *Great Britain*

JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

Second-class postage paid in Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

Copyright © 1964 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

U.S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most people, as much as they reflected the complaints of a small minority only, as doubtful as was the necessity that the Courts even decide the issues—even so, the rulings were sound ones. It is not the function of the public school to inculcate religious piety.

That Representative Becker and his supporters wish to see the First Amendment improved upon is discouraging enough. Even more discouraging, however, is the lack of response to Justice Clark's observation in the Bible-reading decision that "Nothing we have said here indicates that such study of the Bible or of religion, when presented objectively as part of a secular program of education, may not be effected consistent with the First Amendment."

So far as we know, no concerted efforts have been made to explore the ways in which religion might be studied "objectively." Yet here is a grand and challenging possibility, one that could open the way for a meaningful student encounter with religion in the schools. The trouble with the New York State Regents' Prayer, for instance, was that it had neither intellectual content nor real religious meaning. Such exercises in piety serve no substantive purpose: they are only symbols. And religious symbols without religious substance are a travesty. Genuine courses in religion, however, would be a different matter. That is the direction of the future.

NEWS & VIEWS

Long, Hot Summer

THE OPENING of the World's Fair was a dispiriting occasion, what with overcast skies and intermittent rain, enlivened only by the verve of the parading and performing professionals and the chanting civil rights demonstrators. The variously costumed pros, with bands blaring, were on hand to draw attention to the populous pavilions pregnant with all the promises of Commerce for a spectacular tomorrow.

The demonstrators too were on hand, in the words of CORE leader James Farmer, to "contrast the *real world* of discrimination and brutality experienced by Negroes, North and South, with the *fantasy world* of progress and abundance shown in the official pavilions." Under his raincoat, Farmer smuggled onto the Fairgrounds, for subsequent display, an electric cattle prod used in Louisiana against Negroes seeking their Constitutional rights. It was as out of place in the jerry-built public relations phantasmagoria as were the beards and beatnik dress of some of the far-out demonstrators.

Resentful at the interruption of his dream, the middle-class American spat. The all-white work force—many were still on the job finishing up—was frankly contemptuous. One heavily-shod, steel-helmeted construction worker ground his heels into the bare legs of a young girl sitting in at the New York City pavilion. A young matron instructed her child as they stepped over inert sitters, "When I tell you to step on 'em, I mean, step hard."

It was this sort of thing that opened up the possibility of violence, giving us a brief taste of what may be in store for the nation this summer. The demonstrators were young, eager to act. The passage of the civil rights bill by Congress isn't likely to satisfy this need. Their number will soon be augmented by countless high school and college students, and because they are young, going against the grain of convention, they are certain to stir up the hidden animosities of affluent, white America. Especially so, if the great "prudent majority" believes that it has satisfied conscience and the needs of the Negro with the passage of the civil rights bill. The subsequent shock of another reality may arouse a latent violence that did, in fact, simmer at the edges of the World's Fair demonstrations.

That it did no more than simmer is due to the sensibility shown by the power structure, as represented by the police and the chief of detectives at the Fair, William Kimmins, in the handling of the demonstrators. Fair officials wisely chose to allow peaceful picketing and the distribution of leaflets rather than seek the wholesale eviction of "the trespassers." The Ford Motor Company, sensibly, simply shut down its pavilion when sit-ins occurred. The Pinkertons, however, once the restraining influence of the higher brass was removed, were a little more prone to push and shove. Considering that 300 arrests were made, there was, relatively, little police "brutality." The arrests that were made were provoked by sit-ins, or other bodily interference with the traffic of the Fair.

Outside the Fair, the police were a good deal rougher in their handling of protesters, some of whom were deliberately abusive and rude. This handling, in part, was no doubt due to the tension built up around the expected stall-in. And, for this the press must bear some responsibility in view of its build-up of a group of CORE dissidents who had threatened to tie up all of the roads and other approaches to the Fair.

Every wild threat was reported fully and at face value under scare headlines. Only one paper, the New York *Times*, made an effort—a feeble one at that—to check out the strength of the stall-in group. The rest contented themselves with calling the stall-in advocates "irresponsible" and "insurrectionaries,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terms which were calculated to inflame rather than inform.

In this context, the demonstrations inside the Fair must be seen as an assertion of leadership by national CORE as well as a planned protest against discrimination and all its evils in America. As such, it was a success. National CORE not only mustered the greater number of demonstrators, occasioned the larger number of arrests but it also scored the most effective protest. And, incidentally, by concentrating on effective action it exposed the weakness of the dissident leadership. Just before the Fair opening, a new organization, ACT, was formed by rent strike leader Jesse Gray, school boycott advocate Rev. Milton A. Galamison, Lawrence Landry of Chicago and Gloria Richardson, chairman of the Cambridge, Md. Non-violent Coordinating Committee. Congressman Adam Clayton Powell and Malcolm X were to be "consultants" to the new group. ACT, obviously, hoped to steal members, as well as thunder, from CORE and the NAACP.

But the stall-in was washed out by bad weather and bad leadership. Cars that were promised—2,000 in all—never showed up. And, out of the few that did, only one managed to create enough fuss to cause an arrest. Another dedicated band managed to hold up an IRT subway train for a short time, resulting in eleven more arrests.

When President Johnson arrived at the Federal pavilion for the dedication ceremony, he was greeted by pickets chanting, "Freedom Now." There is a mild irony in their shouts' drowning out his voice as he declared. "We do not try to mask our national problems. We do not try to disguise our imperfections or cover up our failures. No other nation has done so much to correct its flaws." But is it too much to hope that we will listen to, and *act* on, his forecast of "a world in which all men are equal"? Perhaps it is a good thing that reality sometimes intrudes upon the American Dream. THOMAS R. BROOKS

(Thomas R. Brooks, former labor editor of Business Week, is a free-lance writer living in New York.)

HERE AND THERE

J.F.K.—A Final Word

Rome

FROM THE BEGINNING, I was an almost scandalously faithful supporter of John F. Kennedy. Sometimes it was a source of personal embarrassment, for I realized that it looked to others like a manifestation of tribal loyalty at its worst. Here was Kennedy, Irish-American and Catholic, and here was I, ditto, and what could be more natural, etc., etc.

I remember that back in 1959 *Esquire* magazine polled a certain number of people about their hopes for the 1960 Presidential winner. I was one of those polled, and I replied to all the other queries but left blank the space for the actual choice of candidate. Since I knew the results would be published I did not want to name Kennedy because I felt it might hurt him by suggesting that he was the "Catholic candidate." In replying to the questions of what I hoped from a new Administration, though, it was John F. Kennedy I had in mind.

There were times when I wished Kennedy were a Baptist and the son of Swedish immigrants so I could feel less self-conscious about the all-out support I was prepared to give him. All my life I had written and spoken against Catholic clubbiness and "our own kind" thinking. Then, when the first Irish-Catholic President came along, I found myself his ardent supporter. It was unsettling.

Still, now, as the Kennedy years are already fading into memory, I think I can honestly say that it was neither his Irish inheritance nor religious faith that really won me but a cast of thought, a characteristic political approach and certain personal traits.

FOR ME, the Kennedy appeal had something to do with intellectuality, though I never regarded JFK as an "intellectual" in the usual sense of the word. He was, rather, a man of action, and that was all right with me. He used ideas but was never enthralled by them. This meant, on the one hand, that his Administration was uncommonly friendly to intellectuals; but, on the other hand, it meant that the totally dedicated intellectuals never quite trusted him, probably because they knew instinctively that he never quite trusted them. Their accustomed indifference to the necessary, and sometimes grubby, means to get good things done and their habit of practicing politics-by-proclamation was the President's bone of contention. His cool acceptance of the present reality as the starting point for the thousand-mile journey to the future in turn bothered them. Leaps rather than single steps are the only way to advance in the fast-moving age we live in, the intellectuals insisted; and they felt that Kennedy was too concerned with the techniques of politics and not enough with its goals to make such leaps of thought and of leadership.

My sympathies were notoriously with JFK here,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even though my associations were much more intimate with the critical intellectuals than with him and his New Frontiersmen. This meant that I found myself defending the President in the area where he was most vulnerable and his critics most just, and against those nearest and dearest to me.

But the tension between the practicing politician and the intellectual strikes me as inevitable, like the perennial helpful struggle between priest and prophet, and it seemed that John F. Kennedy accepted this too as a fact of life and cherished the intellectuals for what they had to offer, while still realizing that in itself intellectuality is not enough for political leadership. This, to me, meant that though he did not identify with the intellectuals, he had the good sense to be, on the whole, for the intellectuals and to accept their contribution for its full worth. I believe he could not have honored them more, nor should he have honored them less.

THEN my sympathy for the President had something to do with style, the most enduring of his qualities. It may be true, as one national columnist recently pointed out, that a preference for style over substance is a deadly political weakness. However in Kennedy's case I never thought of style in such terms. The style of Kennedy was the man Kennedy, and, I believe, it had a great deal to do with the substance of his leadership.

The Cuban confrontation, for example, depended mightily on his style. Any suggestion of either unsureness or bellicosity on his part could have been fatal. Making Khrushchev's capitulation possible, saving the loser's face, so to speak, was another exercise of the Kennedy style which proved to have great substantial significance: though the President tested the limits of deterrence, he did not try to test the limits of human perversity.

The Kennedy style, which at first seemed incomprehensible to some otherwise percipient commentators (remember all that silly talk about the "cold, hard-eyed, humorless young man" in early 1960?) did not get across immediately. But, had JFK lived (and how often we find ourselves repeating that phrase!) it would, I believe, have been turned into more political, cultural and educational capital with every passing month—and the whole nation would have benefitted.

The sudden realization of what this style had affected us as a people, and how we would miss it, accounted, I believe for the phenomenal sense of loss at the time of his death.

It's no use trying to say what I mean by the Kennedy style. Style is not something one can define exactly, or prescribe for another. It is a gift of the gods and JFK had it in abundance. It has something to do with taste, something to do with restraint and control, and something to do, finally, with grace and gallantry. A rich, powerful, maturing and still uncertain nation needs all the example of it one who is so gifted can offer—as we realized when it was suddenly taken from us.

Finally, my loyalty to JFK had a great deal to do with his modernity.

I know there are many reasons why one might think of the present era as a totally undesirable period to live in. No generation of men has been witness to evil on a more colossal scale. None has had to bear with such uncertainty about the very future of the human race. None has had to live with problems so complex and failure to solve them so awesome. But, for all that, Kennedy seemed to say, it is a good time to be alive; maybe even because the challenges appear so stupendous, it is a good time to be alive.

John F. Kennedy communicated this sense of sane *joie de vivre* to the whole world and particularly to the young. Perhaps it was a result of his own comparative youth in a position usually filled by older men, but I don't think so. I think, rather, that it had something to do with his disdain for whimpering; his cool (that word keeps coming back) acceptance of contemporary reality and not because it was contemporary either but because it was presently real; his lack of fear of any idea and unspoken insistence that an idea, after all, is only an idea and not the stuff of life itself; and, finally, his abiding sense of history—the frantic contemporariety which many mistake for modernity did not mar his appreciation of the present.

Now, months after the assassination, like many others, I still wake up in the middle of the night and try to convince myself that it did not happen. The sense of loss is more present than ever—and the sense of utter tragedy, too. For I do not believe that John F. Kennedy will go down now as being among the great Presidents. And that is the heart of the tragedy. He needed more time and maturing and the time was taken away from him. What was still promise will now be forever no more than promise. And after our generation is gone, it will take unusual imagination to grasp what might have been, but now will never be.

There is the tragedy that keeps spelling itself out again and again in the lonely night.

As the months since Dallas stretch into years, the slow, historic death of John F. Kennedy will finally be complete. But it is not so long ago now that one can not write once more of what his brief hour meant to some who lived through it, though this is the last time for such writing on my part.

What JFK meant ultimately is what he *could* have meant, and in that potentiality even the historians will have only a mild interest. So one settles finally for the tragic explanation, and as time goes on, it explains more and seems less tragic. And that in itself is tragedy of another sort, isn't it?

JOHN COGLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

April Fool's Day in Brazil

MILITARY COUPS in Latin America are invariably acknowledged with a smile and dismissed as bad jokes. The image of the mustachioed general on horseback, trampling on capitols amidst the slumbering peons, is a cartoonist's delight. Many Latin Americans resent this view because they increasingly tend to see coups and revolutions today as a deadly serious business in which a top-to-bottom transformation of their countries becomes almost inevitable, and thus should be given a much greater amount of serious consideration.

The Brazilian generals who recently ousted President Goulart are not contributing much to this re-evaluation of Latin American revolutions. For the first time in Brazil's history they joined the old-fashioned club of generals that has perennially thwarted democracy in Latin America. A President, three Governors and several Mayors—all duly elected—were deposed; the foreign embassies in Rio are crowded with hundreds of refugees—unheard of situation in Brazil; more than forty Congressmen were dismissed; hundreds of officers, among them seventeen generals and five admirals, put on the retired list; members of the Judiciary branch, including Supreme Court Justices expelled; wholesale mass arrests, without charges, of students, union leaders and Government officials; the Constitution replaced by an incredible "Institutional Act"; the constitutional rights of such eminent Brazilians as Celso Furtado and Josué de Castro suspended for ten years; and last, but not least, a "general's general" was rushed to the Presidential chair before a magnificently cowed travesty of a Congress. All this was done in the name of God, liberty, and the need to stamp out Communism and leftism.

It was said that such things could not happen in Brazil, which, the experts say, is a country with an easy-going people, with a *jeito* (knack) for peaceful solutions for her crises. But they are happening there, although with such an air of unreality about them that perhaps the only adequate way of looking at the present situation there is through the indulgent and eminently Brazilian perspective of April Fool's day—the date of the recent coup.

The events since April 1st show two distinct phases: before and after President Johnson's message of congratulation. The initial phase was aimed at the ouster of Goulart only, within the limits of constitutional procedures. This action found almost universal support among the population, weary of the bungling and incompetent President. The military were supposed to go back to their barracks after the swearing in of a successor, as provided by the Constitution. Why didn't they do it?

The second, radical phase of the coup—a revolution within the coup—was made possible only after the U.S. attitude—warm endorsement rather than cautious approval—was known in Brazil and freely interpreted by the radical leaders. That message, viewed in the light of the recently proclaimed "Mann doctrine," certainly offered the military more scope to move toward the right than during the Kennedy years, although it is quite certain that the radical phase of the Brazilian coup was not even foreseen in Washington as possible, much less as desirable.

In any event, it is by now clear that at least *post hoc* the coup veered sharply to the right. Extremely conservative leaders, such as the rabidly anti-Communist Governor Lacerda of Guanabara State, Adhemar de Barros on the civilian side and among the military the "young turks" of the *Clube Naval* and of the "Sorbonne group" and General Castello Branco, with the blessings of the hard-core conservative members of the Church, captured the undisputed leadership of the until then mild rebellion. Only then did the wild Red-hunt and the morality-by-the-sword program go into effect, raising fears not only in Europe but also in the U.S. as to whether a McCarthyite or Francoite regime was going to be Brazil's fate.

IT IS still too early to tell how much support this type of regime will be able to muster among the traditionally moderate Brazilians. It appeared just before the coup that the left, whose ideological spectrum ranged from Mao to Nasser and Mounier, was about to capture if not the allegiance at least the imagination of a majority of the population. However, in the three key interest groups in the country—the Army, the business community and the Church—the leadership was uncompromisingly conservative. The trade unions contained a a number of radical leftists and even Communists, but the power of the unions in no way compared with that of their U.S. counterparts, since they were controlled by the Government. Sincere and devout Catholics could be found along the entire spectrum of the left as well as of the right, although among the intellectuals the predominant philosophy was that which has emanated from the European Christian left, especially that of *L'Action Populaire.* How long this majority of non-Communist leftists will remain passive is anybody's guess. But it is certain that the further the present regime moves toward the right, the more it will harden this majority,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pushing it (Catholics included) further and further in the direction of the revolutionary Marxist left.

If the present regime lasts long enough to put through its rightist "revolution" as announced, it will have profound effects on the destiny of Brazil. For one thing, it will mean the end of the long and contradictory Vargas era, which has lasted from 1930 to the present. Vargas weakened the old landed aristocracy in Brazil by pushing industrialization and social legislation. Thus he facilitated the emergence of a new class of entrepreneurs and *nouveaux riches*—the "robber barons"—who like their counterparts in the U.S., did not excel in honesty. He also antagonized the military old guard: he came to power in the arms of the lieutenants after dissolving a military junta that had assumed the supreme power with the fall of President Washington Luiz—and his Positivist background did not endear him to the Church's hierarchy. These forces combined in 1945 to end the first phase of the Vargas rule, but he returned to power in 1950, elected by a large majority and now with a strong populist bent. He organized the Worker's Party (PTB) and embarked on a program of social welfare and nationalism, to the chagrin of the old Land-Army-Church oligarchy, which never really became reconciled to the new order of things under Vargas. After three years they struck: a series of events, starting with the famous *Manifesto dos Coronéis* in 1954, which forced the ouster of João Goulart as Minister of Labor, culminated in the second overthrow of Vargas and in his suicide. This was a regrettable but masterful political stroke, designed to foil the designs of the oligarchy and it succeeded. If it were not for his suicide, which turned the people against his conservative foes, the events of April 1st, 1964 would have taken place approximately ten years earlier, in August of 1954.

In the next elections, Juscelino Kubitschek and João Goulart were elected under the Vargas aegis and an attempt was made by the conservative oligarchy to block their inauguration as President and Vice-President. A newcomer, General Lott, a grandson of immigrants, who did not belong to the oligarchy, forestalled this attempt. A new opportunity came however after the resignation of mercurial Jânio Quadros: Goulart's accession to the Presidency was almost impeded by the perennial anti-Vargas forces. Perhaps in this instance, the fear of retaliation from Washington's New Frontier was an element in the defeat of the anti-Goulart forces.

But on April 1st, 1964 everything seemed right for the long-frustrated ranks of the pre-1930 oligarchy to take over. Goulart had revealed himself fully as a bungling, highly inept President, the economy was near collapse, Kennedy was dead, Pope John's *apertura a sinistra* was in doubt, a new outlook on non-democratic regimes in Latin America (the Mann doctrine) was announced in Washington, the "red shirt" of anti-Communism more than ever ready to be waved. The lure of April Fool's day beckoned.

The old Land-Army-Church oligarchy had finally, after thirty-five years of patient, if often frustrating, waiting, found their opportunity. A general clean-up of all that happened in Brazil during the Vargas era is now the order of the day. A Vendée revolution, in the name of morality and freedom-from-reform will now attempt to swing the country back to the good old incorruptible days of 1929.

There is a danger however that they will not find the baby after they have thrown out the bath. The military know next to nothing about the problems of politics and of economics in a country where the "take-off" is in full swing, but where social structures still rankle with feudalism. They are unwilling to accept the notion that "politics is the art of the possible" and tend to forget that corruption and demagoguery are often an unavoidable by-product of economic development in a democratic, capitalistic framework. To impose, by force, disciplinary and ethical standards of a feudal nature on a country fast moving toward consolidation of the capitalistic stage is to impose a straight jacket on both the burgeoning entrepreneurial class and on the usually left-leaning leaders of the labor class. In the case of Brazil the initial phase of the present coup was able to muster the support even of the entrepreneurial and *nouveau riche* class because they hoped that the ouster of Goulart would serve their interests. The inept President was indeed playing havoc with the economy beyond the point where it could safely function, even under the freest type of "robber baron" capitalism. But it is doubtful whether they will continue to support a tight, military regime out on a morality binge that may soon stifle their present free-wheeling, non-regulated free-enterprise habits.

Another and graver consequence may be that the true democrats will also refrain from participating in any program of reforming the country by the boot and the sword. The democratic left (Christian and otherwise) may become more and more embittered, and perhaps will move a few degrees farther left, since they will find restriction in the new orthodoxy, for which even the moderate center is an object of suspicion. They will bide their time, and their move may come in violence. The hope is, however, that the good sense and the *jeito* of the Brazilians will in time shun the excesses of the new regime and open the way for co-operation of all the non-extremist democrats and reformers, whether of the right or of the left.

FRANCISCO DE ALENCAR ARRAES, S.J.

(Father Arraes, a native of Brazil, is completing work on a Ph.D. in political science at Columbia University.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Getting Nowhere Fast?

"THE RACIST MIND has contrived an almost limitless number of evasive analogues to justify the unjustifiable." These were the opening words from a memorable article called "The Sin of Segregation" by Father George H. Dunne, S.J. Father Dunne's article appeared in The Commonweal in September of 1945, almost nineteen years ago, yet his argument is still relevant and his examples sharp. Consider these, for instance.

On residential segregation: "The sophistry and hypocrisy of those who defend residential segregation by appealing to their right to maintain a proper standard of morals, of cleanliness, of beauty surrounding their homes is made manifest by the undoubted fact that these same people, for the most part, would prefer a white neighbor who violated all of their standards to a Negro neighbor who more than measured up to their most stringent demands. *A white debauchee will be admitted when a Negro saint would never be tolerated.*"

On interracial marriage: "This is the granddaddy of all red herrings. Apart from the fact that its roots lie in a pride of race and blood that belongs properly to the Nazi, not to the Christian, philosophy of life, this sophism assumes that with the elimination of segregation there will be an end to freedom of choice in the matter of marriage. . . . The fact is, of course, that it takes two to make a marriage and that we have the right to marry whom we choose."

On slavery: "Today the Christian conscience instinctively repudiates slavery. . . . Yet less than one hundred years ago the pattern of slavery was so woven into the social fabric that its protagonists found no trouble enlisting in its defense the support of many reputable moralists. The treatises they wrote make interesting reading today."

On conscience and conflict: " . . . the mind, faced with a conflict between Christian principles and sound Christian instincts on the one hand and deeply rooted social prejudices on the other, ingeniously tailors the former to fit the latter. It is not always a conscious betrayal, though sometimes it is. The mind subconsciously—sometimes consciously—sows with rationalizations and evasions all approaches through which the imperative voice of principle might reach the center of conscience. After all, it really is easier to obey man rather than God. That is why most men are conformist."

On the pursuit of happiness: "Yet none but the obtuse and insensitive can pretend for a moment that a people subject to a pattern of racial segregation enjoy equal opportunity with others for the pursuit of happiness. This pattern is a dark cloud over the happiness of every Negro who has not already been brutalized by subjection to the pattern."

On Christian morality: "Is it proper for a Christian moralist to formulate his discussions in terms proper to Greek philosophy only? It is curious that it does not seem to occur to such people that Christ's identification of Himself with every victim of injustice and uncharitableness has anything to do with the matter. . . . It is Christ Who is turned out of your school, out of your church, out of your hospital. It is Christ Who is ordered out of your restaurant, out of your neighborhood. . . . It is Christ Who is insulted, humiliated."

I am reminded of Father Dunne's article by two things: one, the article on the Philadelphia situation in the last issue by Dennis Clark and the lead editorial in the same issue; two, by the proliferating sit-in, kneel-in, lie-in, stall-in racial demonstrations such as that on opening day at the World's Fair. Father Dunne's was a great article. The question is, however: why should it seem so pertinent almost twenty years after it was written?

Let me be blunt. If Dennis Clark's article on Philadelphia last week was accurate—and my impression is that if it erred at all it erred on the side of charity—what difference has Father Dunne's "Sin of Segregation" (or comparable articles elsewhere in Catholic publications) made in that diocese since it was written in 1945? In 1958 the Bishops of the United States, gathered in solemn assembly in their annual meeting, signed and promulgated a hard-hitting condemnation of discrimination and segregation. What impact has this statement had in Philadelphia? What impact has it had in Los Angeles, where concerned laymen became so frustrated that they ended up picketing the chancery office? And as far as that goes, Philadelphia and Los Angeles are singled out only because they have been in the news. How about all those places where discrimination is still the pattern and only silence prevents the same kind of publicity?

One hesitates to criticize bishops. Worldly prudence if nothing else counsels against it. Yet it is essential that we have leadership in this matter. If our bishops will not lead us, who will?

And that brings me to the demonstrators. Certainly the demonstrations are getting out of hand. Certainly they seem less and less related to specific complaints, more and more reflections of generalized anger. What else could we expect? Present civil rights leaders may seem "radical" to some whites, but in fact they represent conservative Negro opinion. Indeed, the really radical Negro has hardly been heard from yet. But he will be—he will be, unless the rest of us do what needs to be done, in Philadelphia, in Los Angeles and in a lot of other places.

JAMES O'GARA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Agonizingly Special Posture

The Wars of Wyndham Lewis

GEORGE GREENE

IN 1914, with that gift of baleful prophecy he was never to curb, Wyndham Lewis wished he had been born on a volcanic island. The challenge provoked private reply as well as public. Violence was never long absent from this belligerently undiplomatic adherent of that revolution in words which took root, nurtured largely by foreign hands, in Britain prior to World War I. As early as 1903 he feared lest he might become a "monomaniac." Later adversaries would confirm that diagnosis. Son of an American father and an English mother, after two years at Rugby Wyndham studied philosophy and art in Munich and Paris, confiding to his mother about his love affairs with sometimes amusing candor. Even this early the debater intrudes. "I'm convinced that success in art is only a matter of common sense," he boasts, "with a matter of disposing of one's work. . . ."

After his death in 1957, one obituary praised a "lifelong guerrilla warfare on convention." But it was not convention alone that drew fire. After arousing Lewis' wrath, James Joyce became an "over-mellow hot-house pear, with an attractive musical delivery. . . ." Lewis was one of few who dared to lament the impact of the Old World on Ezra Pound. "What a pity it is that the lure of history kept you locked up in the dusty old Mediterranean. The Hudson River Valley would have been a better place." Shifting from cafes to the scholars' common room, Lewis has provoked arguments rivaling in number those he triggered in person.

Through the skillful editing by W. K. Rose of *The Letters of Wyndham Lewis* (New Directions. $8.50) Lewis now appears in a fresh light. Professor Rose believes one of the chief values of this book is that it allows us to follow Lewis' political development. Yet these letters are even more instructive for the light they throw on the crisis faced by Wyndham Lewis *as a verbal artist*. So secretive he sometimes gave as his address the Pall Mall Safety Deposit in London, Lewis left behind a number of unanswered questions. He referred to himself as a "Lewis gun" and a "gadfly," yet for all his brio an air of obscurity, of not having utilized his resources to maximum effect, remains. One may more readily account for the flawed achievement as well as the anger by invoking the rigors of art rather than the text of any manifesto.

Two facts help fix the values which molded him. In 1905 Lewis writes with excitement about having heard Anatole France talk on Russia. Elsewhere he is ecstatic because he has located himself in the same Munich boarding house where Ibsen once lived. Lewis' faith in the primacy of the artist began early, no matter how much later pressures intervened. The second fact is his love of France. He once paid tribute to Paris as "my university." Early he had no inclination to become involved with politics. In the army in 1916, he was willing to die for no community "except that elusive but excellent one to which I belong." Lewis had already trumpeted this bias in *Blast*, though it was Pound who gave its name to Vorticism, with its rejection of easy rhetoric, sentiment, even Symbolism, which encouraged "mushy technique." "Vorticism," Pound insisted with a flair Lewis must have applauded, "is art before it has spread itself into flaccidity. . . ."

AFTER THE Armistice Lewis grew more solitary, producing twenty-three books between 1920 and 1939. After *Tarr*, in 1918, he avoided the novel for a lengthy period. Later he claimed that all his energies between the two wars had been devoted to avoiding another outburst of slaughter. For a man of his militant aestheticism, one finds this testimony pitifully meager. It is as if Lewis were concealing something. When his 1938 portrait of T. S. Eliot was refused by the Royal Academy, the accusations and counter-accusations show his growing anxiety.

Between the wars, too, occurred his private critical mining operations mounted against a notable company, Faulkner, Hemingway, D. H. Lawrence, and Gertrude Stein among them, for what he considered their abandonment of the primacy of mind. By the year before Munich the compulsion to speak simultaneously about aesthetics and public perils had taken over. "Have you ever known a politician," Lewis asks an editor, "on the Left or on the Right, who did not dislike art? There is a very fundamental reason for this; very fundamental. Art functions in the abstract—like the Cabots it 'speaks only with God.'" By now Lewis had moved away from Pound, whom he accuses of being "a stickler for experiment." He

GEORGE GREENE, who has appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Critic*, teaches at Bridgewater State College, Massachusetts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insists on the need for some public forum. "A paper is a waste of time," he writes, "but I am not sure, if you do not waste time in one way you do not have to waste still more in another." His tone grows more hectic. He feels "suffocated—quite literally—here in London." Society is being attacked by "fantastic hagiolatry," as a result of which we are witnessing "an orgy of fulsome uplift. . . ." Increasingly he taunts the "cautious herd."

The excitement of the *Blast* period is evoked, sadly, in a late letter. "In writing *Tarr*," Lewis admits, "I wanted at the same time for it to be a novel, and to do a piece of writing worthy of the hand of the abstractist innovator (which was an impossible combination)." *Tarr* presents a clattering, blandly nihilistic view of the Paris art students' world. Lewis refers to his characters as "puppets," and it is a word which comes to mind repeatedly, even while conceding the role assigned to satire in the text.

The superiority of the Kreisler sections is precisely due to the greater animation, no matter how ludicrous, even stupid, of the German. Frederick Tarr, an Englishman, arranges to marry Bertha, his "official fiancée," when she confesses she is going to have a child. Kreisler, the man responsible, rejects domestic permanence. In contrast to the monastically aesthetic Tarr, Kreisler is an exploiter, freely committed to life. In ultimate revolt, he demands that his father send more money. The money does not arrive. According to prior warning, Kreisler commits suicide. His father methodically arranges to dispose of the corpse. Tarr, meanwhile, visits his current favorite, Anastasya, explaining how he had married a former paramour that same afternoon. "With most people," we read, "not describable as artists, all the finer part of their vitality goes into sex. They become third-rate poets during their courtship. . . . The artist is he in whom this emotionality normally absorbed by sex is so strong that it claims a newer and more exclusive field of deployment."

No matter how bizarre one finds such solemn pronouncements, as well as the behavior they reflect, they expose an agonizingly specialized posture. One senses what Harriet Shaw Weaver meant when she said *Tarr* was too full of ideas. This abstracting impulse, one suspects, owes something to Lewis' inherited moral position, no matter how inoperative, as well as to his urges as a craftsman. "I believe with Calvinistic uncompromisingness," he insisted in 1910, "that one cannot be too hard on the stupidities of one's neighbors." The other, progressively stultified side of his nature still cries out for justice as late as 1935. "Nothing is anything without the *manner*."

ONE SHOULD NOT minimize the reason Lewis cited for his relative abandonment of creative writing—his need of money. It was the fear that he could no longer make a living in Britain which led him to emigrate to Canada in 1939. "I suppose," he confesses in 1943, "it is just impossible to live as a so-called 'creative artist' in our society: *then* I prefer to be an official than any longer make the vain attempt. . . ." But conscience would not absolve him that easily. The letters exhibit knowledge of the mission of the novel almost universally absent from his own practice. Nothing is more revealing, for instance, than those counsels to a young Canadian intent on writing fiction. At once patient yet demanding, Lewis warns against the vice of omnipotence. "I am one of those who believe that the less the author of a novel obtrudes himself into his narrative the better."

Predictably, he rejects more direct author-reader bonds, the "garrulity" and "cosiness" of eighteenth and early nineteenth century British authors as opposed to more "intellectual" artists such as Stendhal or Flaubert. Nor did the substitution of propaganda ever adequately satisfy. Wyndham Lewis was at his weakest when assuming the role of pundit. His disastrous defense of Hitler, later modified, hurt his career more than any literary duel, and he was equally fallible when he appraised the U.S.S.R. As late as 1948 he thought the Soviet government might "dissolve." By 1949 he was writing: ". . . between Communist action and 'reaction' there is nowhere for an honest mind to be accommodated."

At home, after the war, Lewis recalled wistfully more comradely days. "It was a blessed situation," he felt, "when Joyce, Eliot, Hemingway and myself began." After *Tarr* he did make other attempts in longer fiction, without resorting to the gadgetry of all-out satire. In 1937 *The Revenge for Love* explored the impact of London Communists and literary radicals on a second-rate painter and the wife who idolizes him. Tricked by the Reds, the couple dies in the Pyrenees. In the midst of scenes marked largely by ideological debate ("We have to be workmanlike and do our stuff in a workmanlike way. . . ."), the most vivid human being is unmistakably Margot Stamp, the stupid wife, who *feels* more than anyone else the paradoxes, costly, often fatal, of human love. Later, in 1954, came *Self Condemned*, where a history professor parallels Lewis' own experience by emigrating to the New World. The collapse of reason in the West is implied by the breakdown of René Harding, who finds Canada, with its resistance to culture, even more frightening than a stagnant Europe. His wife commits suicide, after which Harding abdicates from the world. Eventually he receives an appointment at a university in the United States, where he pretends to carry on even though paralyzed by grief and apprehension.

The abstract note of this, both in terms of diction as well as general format, speaks for itself. "The optimistic idealism of the nineteenth century, although it is not identical with, inherited something from the Enlightenment of the Eighteenth Century. The outlook of Professor René Harding may perhaps more usually be compared with the anti-past views of the eighteenth century, than with the more sentimental aspirations of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nineteenth century." It is not just that one becomes lost in a maze of generalized time references. All too often the human exchanges of the book partake of this same enervating remoteness. We feel somehow that we have been reading—at far too great a length—someone's notes for a course in freshman history. Yet five years prior to *Self Condemned,* Lewis had been writing to his protégé, underlining the gap between fiction and essay, warning against the crisis which ensued when "a big non-narrative lump . . . suddenly loomed up before the mystified but disgusted reader. . . ."

THERE REMAINS abundant evidence of courage. In 1956 the Tate Gallery gave him a retrospective exhibit. There was the customary exchange in the press, during which Lewis acquitted himself with aggressive skill. He was granted a Civil List pension. Until 1951 he served as art critic for *The Listener.* Then blindness struck. In one of the finest letters, at once gentle and comically intimidating, Lewis explains why he can no longer continue to judge exhibits. The apartment at Notting Hill, over the Christian Science shop, fell victim to dry rot, and there were months of frantic shuffling.

Despite his knowledge of the tumor within his head, he worked vigorously. He wrote on behalf of Ezra Pound. T. S. Eliot read proof for the last of his books. Lewis continued, "writing" letters with the aid of a dictaphone. Man was still a "two-legged tragedy," but one detects a new readiness to grant that other human beings will never reach that tense, hyper-sharp brilliance of outline Lewis cherished in both words and visual art. It is an affecting picture. Returning from a Paris eye surgeon, Lewis writes exuberantly about an ice flavored with rum which he enjoyed en route. At times the earlier attitude, brash, cocksure, revives. "Man's life is but a vibration in an eyelash of God." But paralleling this wit, grim, self-conscious, a warmer note prevails. ". . . we are all going into some even darker room after all: we none of us ever give a thought to that, so why should I anticipate my more limited black-out?"

Doubtless it will remain the "authorized version" that we should think of Wyndham Lewis in connection with public utterances. God knows he did enough to encourage that interpretation. And did not T. S. Eliot refer to him as the greatest journalist of the age? Yet Lewis' view of man was essentially limited. For him the religious world was simply non-existent. "The trouble is," he quips, "that I never looked at the 'story of Christ' after I was 7 years old." He thought of his mentality as one which veered away from dogmas. "And what have I—any more than Montaigne—to do with a great big dogmatic axe?"

Yet the fact is that he was attempting to wield—or at least identify for subsequent use—just such an axe from the start. One finds oneself invoking certain eighteenth century essayists, what Yeats had in mind when he implied a link between Lewis and Jonathan Swift. The judgment is not unwarranted. Lewis had used as an inscription for a first edition copy of *Tarr:* "Art is the only thing worth the tragic impulse." He had started off, joyfully, with the iconoclasts. But even iconoclasts require certain truths which demand no verification—if only for purposes of aesthetic contrast. Because of Lewis' increasing need to control his art, to make it serve as a vehicle for assessing theories about society at large, he grew more and more hortatory. Where Eliot had found a continuing source of drama in the ritual of the Anglicans, and where Pound sustained himself—prior to the disaster of pretending to be an economist—with his yet more exotic researches, Wyndham Lewis remained solitary, unsustained.

What chiefly beset him, in sum, was the breakdown in his ability to dramatize. Trying to bestir those responsible for artistic poverty and human deadening, he became trapped in the vocabulary of the social critic. And it was not a long road leading from the role of social critic to that of professional heckler.

By 1941 confusion had become chronic. Now Lewis stresses his "insistence upon the cosmic destiny—and the certain abstractness of mind that goes with it. . . ." The vagueness of this kind of statement puts one in mind of yet another artist who lost himself in the thickets of theorizing—Edgar Allan Poe. Whatever such large and cumbersome pronouncements may have said for them as a means of advancing man's condition, they are fatal to that vision, concrete, idiosyncratic, inevitably partial, by means of which the creative writer examines the world. No matter how many dark gods D. H. Lawrence faced, this was one point about which he felt no doubt. With both exultancy and fear he speaks of the novel as "the monster with many faces, many branches to him, like a tree. . . ." Lawrence knew that the novel has a future, one which posited but a solitary condition. "It's got to have the courage," he explained, "to tackle new propositions without using abstraction. . . ." It was here that, as a creative artist, Wyndham Lewis lost his way, an honest warrior in the service of the arts, not the least distinguished member of a group that counted a number of victims, E. M. Foster and Aldous Huxley among them, men for whom, in our frantic century, the halfway house which fiction occupies between the self and the clamor of the market place no longer suffices.

In the very last letter Lewis is still trying to explain Vorticism, telling with unconcealed pride how, even now, he receives messages from Pound under the greeting of "Old Vort." With both valor and pathos Lewis concludes: "We live in a world of Art Historians: they do funny things." One of the grimmest jokes occurs when the pressure of circumstances and the failure of individual will combine to rout a man who started as a creator and who ended up as a chronicler of disasters, not just those of art, but of the world at large.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The View Is Less Panoramic

On Women Novelists

DORIS GRUMBACH

LET US NOTE the phenomenon that, in the world of critics, it is mainly Catholic critics who have felt a need to raise such questions as: Is there a Catholic Novel? Are there Catholic Novelists? Then let us note as well that invariably it is women writers who attempt to deal with a vexing and nearly insoluble problem: women novelists. Why are there so few great ones, so many second-rate ones, and are they as a whole a special breed, discernible by their product from men novelists? We delight, it would seem, in writing about our sex, and the reader may well expect from us indignant denials of any differences, or a furious feminist assertion that all are one, that the differences exist only in the minds of critics of the opposite sex. Or, if not fierce partisanship, he may well expect the opposite, knowing our sex's reputation for intramural hatred, envy and spite run rampant. Let us see.

First it is important to note that, just as women now take tolls on the Thruway, drive public buses and run for President, they also write an enormous volume of novels. It is still possible to ask: Where are the women brain surgeons or women painters or architects but no longer: Where are the women novelists? They are now omnipresent and bountiful. Recently I spent three years on a fiction review column for a literary magazine, and in retrospect it seems that at least half the novels sent to me were by women. In our time women have caught what the Romans called *cacoethes scribendi*, or writer's itch. I have no idea of the actual figures, but it would seem as if, at this time and on whatever level the novel is discussed, that the genre has become, like the PTA and the Federation of Women's Clubs, a major outlet for the emancipated feminine population.

All of this is new, or relatively new. In the early eighteenth century there were, to be sure, names of lady novelists that are now recorded in histories of literature but only as marginal figures: Mrs. Aphra Behn, Ann Radcliffe, Fanny Burney, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald, Amelia Opie, Mary Wollstonecraft, and a few others even more obscure and even less in current demand from dusty library shelves. But this is the list, and they have left only a delicate, shy mark beside the incisive notches of Fielding, Defoe, Richardson, Goldsmith and Sterne, and none at all in popular consciousness or critical estimation.

In the next century one has the impression of a fall-off in numbers but, strangely enough, it is here that the few giants that the sex has produced appear. If the round room of novelists that E. M. Forster projected in *Aspects of the Novel* were to be constructed for this century, the air would still be thick with cigar smoke and the table laden with heavy brandies, but seated there somewhere, nonetheless, we would be able to make out a few distinctly feminine shapes: Jane Austen, the three shy Brontë sisters, the rather forbidding George Eliot, George Sand. In looking in upon this historic diorama, however, someone would certainly observe that five of the six ladies there felt it necessary for acceptance by their public to publish under men's names. Indeed, Emily Brontë (*Ellis Bell*) produced a first and only novel which a critic took pains to point out could only have been written by a man. But these few are there, outnumbered and all but overshadowed by the presence of the male giants.

Since the beginning of this century, as I have said, the number of women publishing novels has grown enormously, but *first-rate* women novelists (a dubious term, I know, but by it I mean those whom critical literature treats as important and enduring representatives of the genre) are rare. I can think of one writer of first rank in England since Henry James: Virginia Woolf (as compared, let us say, to the solid phalanx of Butler, Hardy, Conrad, Meredith, Bennett, Wells, Galsworthy); one in Europe: Sigrid Undset, and two in this country: Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather. In the more immediate present, names I find I admire for one novel or another crowd into mind: Doris Lessing, Ivy Compton-Burnett (a modern shade of Jane Austen), Muriel Spark, Kay Boyle (on occasion), Mary McCarthy (the younger), Katherine Anne Porter, Carson McCullers (the earlier), Rumer Godden, Elizabeth Taylor (not the notorious one), Colette, Rose Macaulay, Santha Rama Rau (an Indian Jane Austen), Flannery O'Connor, Elizabeth Bowen, Hortense Calisher.

Stand back and look at the list and two things become apparent. They are a fine, upstanding, solid platoon, most of whom have made their strongest mark in the short story, not the novel; and second, in any parade in our time the platoon would march well behind the major novelists

DORIS GRUMBACH, herself a novelist and the author of *The Spoil of the Flowers* (Doubleday), is a teacher and a frequent contributor of critical and fiction articles to various publications.

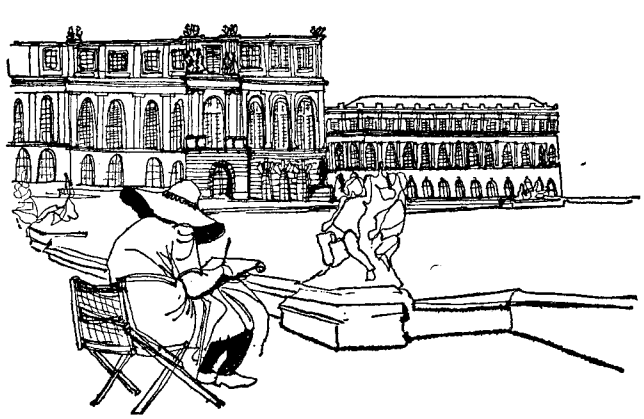
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of our age: Lawrence, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Mann, Joyce, Camus, Malraux, Mauriac, Orwell, Proust.

WHY DO women write so consistently in the second drawer, why do they, with all their much-vaunted intuition (Forster has pointed out that the novelist creates his people out of what he knows about himself and what he shrewdly guesses about other people) produce so little that is lasting and notable? Strong feminists will be sure to make us notice the relatively short time that women have received educations outside of the home, especially higher educations, but I doubt the answer lies here; Jane Austen, the best novelist the sex has produced, had almost no education at all, in one sense. I suggest rather that one place to look for answers is in the lives that women have been permitted to lead by society.

Mary McCarthy has observed that great novels deal with "the world of fact." Great novels appear to have grown out of great experiences and the use of those experiences. Many great novelists, Miss McCarthy shows, were newspaper reporters or journalists: Hugo, Dickens, Dreiser, Lewis, Faulkner, Tolstoi. Some began with an inordinate love of facts, like Balzac, Melville, Dostoevski, even Joyce (one remembers the Baedeker nature of the setting of *Ulysses*). Conrad and Melville wrote their novels out of wide and minutely observed sea experiences; other men write out of excoriating and unforgettable war experiences. Women novelists, of course, perhaps because they rarely enter these realms, perhaps because their minds do not naturally incline to a fondness for fact, tend to limit themselves and their vision to the facts of their social and domestic existences. Denied for so long (culturally deprived might be an apt phrase here) the wider fields of the world, their subject matters have been limited to family life, the individual woman's relation to her immediate surroundings, and recently, a deeply introspective kind of novel in which the woman novelist explores herself as an artist, the *Künstlerroman*.

Women have, by their sex and by the role in which society has traditionally cast them, produced the kind of novel one might have expected. They have for two hundred years explored all the "facts" of their limited, familial, marital and social spheres. Perhaps these will extend in the last half of this century to enable them to work on wider canvases and with more and more facts, the kind that enable a writer to produce *War and Peace*, *Moby Dick*, and *The Magic Mountain*.



In the same essay, Mary McCarthy says that the modern writer in general suffers from isolation, from a kind of bookish cultism that makes all his friends and associates literary persons like himself and separates him from the world of, say, steelworkers, businessmen and research scientists, monks, sailors, bums. This isolation begins after his first novel, which was good because it utilized the writer's wider experiences. After that he becomes a professional writer and his life itself is limited. He loses his contact with the public world. If this is true of the class of novelists in general it is even truer of women novelists in another sense. They are of course in no danger, usually, of isolation from the rest of the world by nature of their bookishness because they rarely have contacts with other writers of any sort. Their isolation is generally worse but just as true: the women novelist is often absorbed into enervating family groups, her output is spasmodic, her practice of her craft fragmentary and even then put off until a rarely realized leisure. This may be why she so often finds it possible to write excellent short stories. The nature of her life is not disposed to a more sustained form.

Marya Mannes once wisely suggested that women who wish to be creative writers would do well not to marry. For the kind of absolute absorption it requires and the necessity to have led a stimulating life long enough to provide a score of facts, are impossible to most women who do marry. Perhaps the most decisive observable result of this family life is that it decides and limits the subject matter area for the woman novelist.

WHAT I have been saying may explain, to some extent, why there are few great women novelists. It also answers another question often raised. Can novels written by women be distinguished from those written by men? In the main the answer is clear: they can be distinguished most often by their subject matter. Women write of themselves and of other women, children, family, marriage, seduction, triangles and divorces, of love and courtship, of adolescence and old age, and the problems of beauty and aging. These are what they know about first hand, or can reliably guess at. Stylistically I doubt that the sex of the writer matters much. Subject matter and style are so inextricably mated, however, that when a critic remarks about the delicacy of touch that a woman possesses (typical comment), he is more often observing her treatment of some delicate and intimate matter that she may know more about than a man.

Women writers chose less panoramic views and are often happiest in the snug fold of the short story. No women have produced large-scale novels of any great worth. Nor have they shown evidence of being inno-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vators in any way, either in style or form; the Joyces, Prousts and Kafkas have not yet appeared among us, but we have proven ourselves rather pat followers. Women novelists thus far have seemed to lack the courage to handle allegory or parable. They do not cotton to the "predictive" kind of novel of Orwell, Huxley, Bellamy. They do not, customarily, deal with ideas, and they are not comfortable in the heavy and difficult buskins of tragedy. Mother-foundress Austen was a comic writer, and it has been easier for those who came after to adapt her tone. Woman novelists are good observers, have fine ears for conversation, and accurate memories for personal detail; ordinarily (and of course there are exceptions here and there to all these generalizations) they shy away from social criticism and the ideas of their time, from philosophical comment or the embodiment of it into fiction. They rarely handle true satire well.

It is futile to try to decide why all this is so. I might suggest that these are the ways in which women's minds work most comfortably. It is safer to stay on dry, pragmatic ground and observe: this is the way it has been until now, under all the severe conditions set for them by society and the male sex.

However, it is possible to end this rather dismal survey on a positive and hopeful note. In one area the works produced by women are indistinguishable from those written by men: the historical novel. For some reason I am utterly unable to account for some of the best women writing today use this form—Bryher, H.M.F. Prescott, Dorothy James Roberts, Elizabeth Jenkins, Mary Renault, are names that come readily to mind. Here women are able to deal with facts, albeit dead ones, and without the necessity for direct participation. Whether this explains their success or not I do not know. But take away the by-line from the works of these women, and from the historical novels of Robert Graves, Alfred Duggan, Henry Treece, and you would not find it possible to sort them out according to sex. Having raised up a few historical novelists of the first rank, perhaps we may now hope for promotions in the more imaginative fields.

If Winter Comes

A Short Story

by Joseph E. Kokjohn

THE BELL RANG like a fire alarm, and the students began to desert him. Father Edwards, removing his glasses and stuffing his notes on Napoleon's exile into his portfolio, was also happy that the class was over, but unhappy that today's presentation had been so poor. After all, his doctoral dissertation had been on Napoleon's exile. Well, he had more important things to take care of this afternoon, and it was probably the last time he'd have to worry about making Napoleon interesting to a class of undergraduates.

As he stepped into the corridor to light up a cigarette, he saw Father Heitz coming out of another classroom and walking his way. For such a little man, Heitz always carried a large pile of books, and his suit, always spotted with chalk stains, looked as if its wearer had just come out of a bakery.

"Seen the monsignor yet, Charles?" asked the younger priest, wiping at one of the chalk marks and making it larger.

"On my way now. Aren't you going to offer me good luck?"

"It's your doing, not mine. You know how I feel about it. See you back at the dormitory."

Watching his fellow history teacher disappear into the lavatory, Father Edwards again tried to light his cigarette in the drafty corridor. Heitz was a hard one to figure out. A good teacher—and a good priest—by anyone's standards, but too involved with everyone's problems. You could find him taking part on a TV panel as well as in a picket line. His enthusiasm sometimes wore the others out.

At the exit was one of his advisees, one he would like to escape; Tim was pleasant enough, but his case of bad breath . . . January was always a weary month: politely telling students that perhaps they didn't belong at St. Greg's—or any other college, as far as that was concerned; persuading them to find the right niche in life before they were too old, urging them to assess themselves with some sense of reality . . .

"Father, could I bother you for just a few minutes?"

"Yes, yes, Tim, of course. I'm heading for Old Main at the moment—have an appointment. Maybe we could talk on the way over. Worried about flunking out, I suppose."

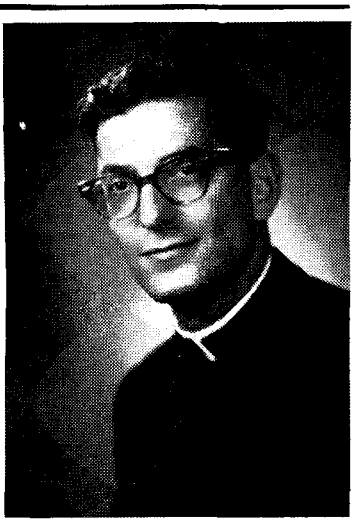
FATHER JOSEPH E. KOKJOHN, whose stories have appeared in *Harper's* and *Ave Maria*, teaches English at St. Ambrose College in Davenport, Iowa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLISHED BY HERDER AND HERDER

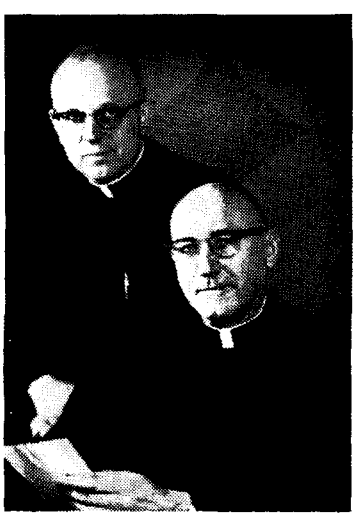
Michael Novak
A NEW GENERATION
American and Catholic

An analysis of the present ferment in American Catholicism by an outspoken voice of the new generation of Catholics who seek a closer identification with secular values. Michael Novak articulates the promise, need and challenge of a social, political, moral and intellectual revolution in Catholicism that will plunge the Church into the mainstream of American culture. Unlike recent works, this is a social manifesto of the new generation, its program for the future. $4.50



Peter Riga
PEACE ON EARTH
A Commentary on Pope John's Encyclical
Foreword by Cardinal Suenens

The first major book on one of the most challenging and controversial documents of our time. This brilliant young theologian traces the many influences from within and without the Christian worldview on the teaching of *Pacem in terris,* and explains its application to such issues as nuclear warfare, co-existence, race relations, freedom of worship and colonialism. $4.95



James J. Killgallon and Gerard P. Weber
BEYOND THE COMMANDMENTS

For the mature Christian it is not enough to keep the commandments; he should rather live his faith according to the Gospel as a new life, a joyous response to God's love. The well-known authors of the "Life of Christ" catechism show how the ordinary Catholic can live the life of virtue, because all virtue is summed up in his one work – love. BEYOND THE COMMANDMENTS is not an abstract study of the spiritual life but a basic book which applies the ideas of love, freedom and responsibility to concrete situations in daily life. $3.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRAYING WITH CHRIST
Heinz Schürmann

A clear, yet profound, examination of the theological and devotional significance of the "Our Father." Father Schürmann explains the prayer in the light of contemporary New Testament studies and deepens the understanding of the entire Gospel message through Christ's own teaching on prayer. $3.50

HOW THE REFORMATION CAME
Joseph Lortz
Introduction by
Daniel J. O'Hanlon SJ

The eminent historian examines the decisive moral, political and philosophical influences in the life of the Church of the Middle Ages that led to Luther's break with Rome. $2.95

MUTATIONS OF WESTERN CHRISTIANITY
Arthur Mirgeler
Introduction by
Dom David Knowles OSB

An arresting and provocative penetration in depth of the great changes in the status of Christianity and the racial and sociological influences that have given to the Church a variety of emphasis and outward appearances throughout the history of Europe. $4.50

TIMES OF GRACE
The Sign of 40 in the Bible
Roger Poelman
Introduction by
John L. McKenzie SJ

Beginning with the Old Testament account of the flood, Abbè Poelman follows the development of the theme of 40 in Scripture through the experience of Moses and Elias on Sinai to the Church's observation of Lent. A highly original spiritual reader. $3.95

THE PRAYER OF ALL THINGS
Pierre Charles

With all the simplicity of a great spiritual writer the popular Belgian author shows man's salvation to be here and now. He selects texts from the Gospels which sing the praise of God's animate and inanimate Creation and shows how each of these "things" – shoes, roads, clouds, doves – has a spiritual lesson to teach. $3.95

Joseph Costanzo SJ

THIS NATION UNDER GOD
Church, State and Schools in America

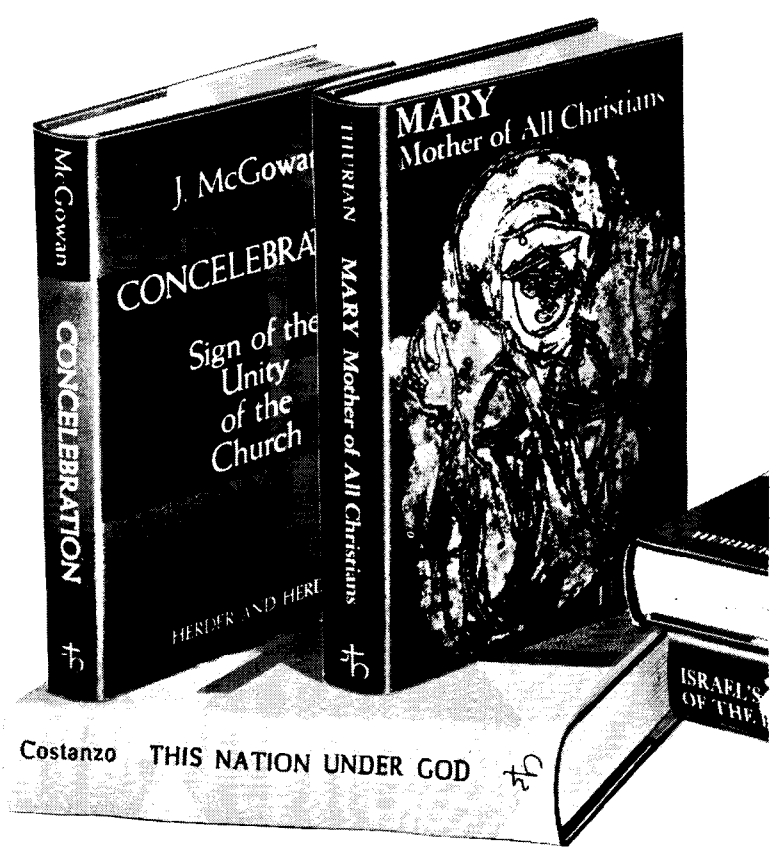
Foreword by Arthur E. Sutherland

Attempts to resolve the church-state dilemma through a closely argued historical and constitutional investigation. The author discusses in detail the religious roots of American democracy, the place of religion in public school education, federal aid to education in general and to religious schools in particular, and concludes with a serene demolition of the myth of the "divided allegiance of Catholics." Includes extensive documentation and an index of historic court decisions on church-state relations. $7.50

Hervé Carrier SJ

THE SOCIOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS BELONGING

The first synthesis of current knowledge relating to religious "belonging." The author provides a general theory for understanding religious affiliation as a sociological phenomenon, the pattern of spiritual awakening and conversion, the sectarian personality, identification with the church, the role of the family, of formal instruction and of preaching in the integration of religious attitudes. $6.50



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jean McGowan RSCJ

CONCELEBRATION
Foreword by Frederick R. McManus

The only work in English that explains the historical and theological problems of concelebration and the rite's significance for the modern Church. "Its appearance has been long overdue; it will certainly aid in effecting the great reforms that many have long been advocating and that the Council is now initiating."—H. A. REINHOLD $3.75

Max Thurian

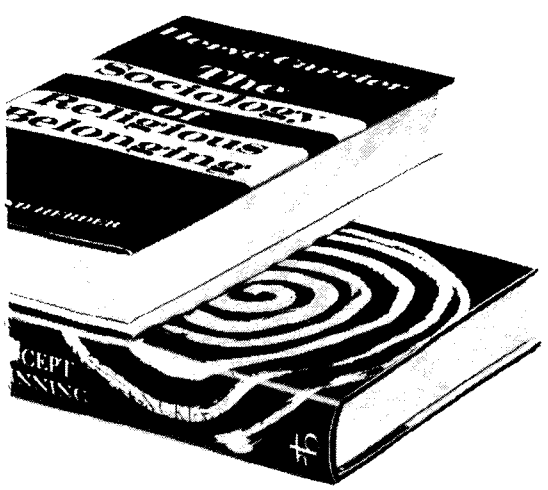
MARY
Mother of All Christians

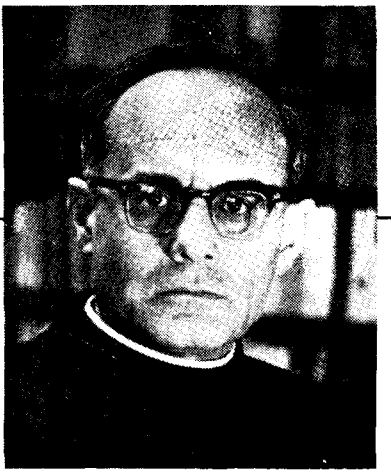
In the spirit of ecumenism, French Calvinist theologian, Max Thurian, an official observer at the Council, probes the roots of Protestant and Catholic divergence on Marian theology. The author explores the meaning of Mary's virginity and motherhood in an objective and devotional commentary on the universally accepted biblical texts that relate to the Virgin Mary's life. $4.75

Henricus Renckens SJ

ISRAEL'S CONCEPT OF THE BEGINNING
The Theology of Genesis I-III

A modern exploration of the significance of the first three chapters of Genesis in the light of its primitive literary form. Father Renckens discusses the central themes together with the questions raised by traditional theology, by contemporary scientific and historical studies, and by the disclosure of ancient Near-Eastern patterns of thought and expression. "The best and most advanced treatment by a Catholic."—BRUCE VAWTER CM $5.95





KARL RAHNER, *editor*

of the forthcoming DICTIONARY OF THEOLOGY and the multi-volume encyclopedia of theology, SACRAMENTUM MUNDI, is the author of the following QUAESTIONES DISPUTATAE:

ON HERESY
In this original theological treatise Karl Rahner sees heresy today as a hidden and latent phenomenon which the individual Christian, rather than the teaching authority of the Church, can best correct. $1.75

VISIONS AND PROPHECIES
Unlike other works on the subject, this is a bold application of theological principles to a subject too often and too readily left to human credulity. $2.25

THE CHURCH AND THE SACRAMENTS
"A clear definition of the sacraments by one of Roman Catholicism's most prestigious thinkers."
—*The Christian Century* $2.25

THE EPISCOPATE AND THE PRIMACY
"Must reading for anyone interested in forming a balanced concept of the divinely constituted interplay between two focal points of the Church's structure."—*America* $2.25

INSPIRATION IN THE BIBLE
"This solid and stimulating study is not for the complacent, nor for those who are satisfied with every formula that can be called 'traditional.'"
—*Catholic Biblical Quarterly* $1.95

ON THE THEOLOGY OF DEATH
"Deepens our understanding of death as no other work of modern times has done."
—*Theological Studies* $2.25

Also by Karl Rahner:

MARY MOTHER OF THE LORD
"Combines genuine theological learning with a true deep devotion. This is one of the rare, real contributions to Mariology."
—JOHN L. MC KENZIE SJ $2.95

HERDER AND HERDER
232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Monthly Review for the Christian World

HERDER CORRESPONDENCE

HERDER CORRESPONDENCE, long recognized as one of the most richly informative of all monthlies and now available in English, will continue the editorial tradition of providing complete texts of the major papal statements, important declarations by the episcopates of the various Catholic countries, reports on new developments in the missions, in church-state relations, and especially in the interfaith dialogue. Each issue will also contain a survey of recent periodical literature in the fields of theology, philosophy, the humanities, political and social thought, Catholic life and ecumenics.

Appraised and recommended by:

Augustin Cardinal Bea:
"I have always appreciated very much the wealth of information which HERDER CORRESPONDENCE offered in the realm of ideas as well as in the entire life of the Church. My wishes and prayers are that it will be successful."

Joseph Cardinal Ritter:
"I am most pleased that the highly respected HERDER CORRESPONDENCE is now available in an English edition. I am confident it will prove a very valuable medium for all who wish to keep abreast of developments in the life of the Church."

The Christian Century:
"We have no hesitancy in recommending HERDER CORRESPONDENCE. Its scope ranges through theology, humanities, political and social thought and, particularly, through interfaith conversation and ecumenical enterprises."

Bernard Häring, C.S.S.R.:
"I am very happy that HERDER CORRESPONDENCE has now appeared in English, adapted to the needs of the Anglo-American world. For me personally and for many others HERDER KORRESPONDENZ has long been irreplaceable. Its information is dependable and its opinions are bold, but balanced always by a clear theological guideline."

Donald McDonald, Davenport Catholic Messenger:
"As one who has consistently taken a dim view of the starting of yet more Catholic magazines, I find myself in the unaccustomed position of commending this newcomer."

Robert Kaiser, Time, Rome Bureau:
"Something we have been needing for a long time. The first number is near perfect."

HERDER CORRESPONDENCE
yearly subscription, 12 issues, $6.00

George Tavard
THE QUEST FOR CATHOLICITY
The Development of High Church Anglicanism

One of America's leading Catholic theologians studies the history of High Church Anglican theology from a new angle: the meaning given by Anglican theologians to the belief and claim that the Church of England and the Anglican Communion are "Catholic." $5.95

COME LET US EAT
Preparing for First Communion
Sister Mary Charles Bryce OSB

A totally new and beautiful book to prepare children for First Communion. The result of years of collaboration among parents, teachers and priests, COME LET US EAT is firmly based on modern kerygmatic catechetics.

"A very important book. For its thoroughness, its sacramental soundness and its pedagogical concern we pay this work the tribute of hearty recommendation." — FATHER GERARD S. SLOYAN
With full color illustrations by Jeanne Heiberg Paperbound $.95

Parent-Teacher Manual

Gives background notes, suggested readings and a step-by-step lesson for each chapter of COME LET US EAT: preparation, presentation, explanation, summary and application. Paperbound $1.75

HERDER AND HERDER
232 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 16 NY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's just one of the problems, Father. I guess it's all one problem really."

"Well, lad, you're undoubtedly suffering from that end-of-the-semester insecurity complex. Two more weeks and you won't even think about it. Will disappear like foam on a beer." He ran his hand through his heavy dark hair and wondered why he had used the simile. He smiled as Tim opened the door. The sun was shining dimly and large clusters of wet snow were beginning to flutter, sifting like dandruff on the hard, dead earth.

"I thought you might understand my problem, Father. Been going on for a long time."

Father Savage was standing on the steps and gave Father Edwards a knowing wink and smile. A student was arguing with him about Hamlet's isolation.

"Sorry, Tim, I was distracted for a moment. You were saying . . .

"Do you ever get the feeling that you're a failure, you know, like socially. That bothers me a lot—even more than my grades. Even if I were a brain or something, still I . . ."

"Yes, yes, of course, Tim. Brains aren't everything, money isn't either. You have to have friends." He had learned that students often just needed an opportunity to talk themselves out and then they were better. "We have to be able to communicate."

"That's it, Father. I can't communicate with the other students. I can't warm up to people. Teachers are different—like talking to you or Father Heitz. You know something, Father?" His breath was really bad today. "You priests must have a good time." The boy paused, almost embarrassed, as if he had been eavesdropping. "But me? It's awful."

"Maybe your conscience is bothering you about something."

"My what?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing." Well, that was the wrong thing to say, although it often worked.

"I'm just lonesome all the time, all hemmed in."

"Yes, that is a bit unusual, isn't it?" He was tired of pretending day after day that each student's problem was a major catastrophe, especially now when he had his own problems. "Friendship is often a kind of dependency, not just accepting but needing someone." He knew that it sounded good. "We are, after all, social animals."

"Yes," the boy said feebly.

"Sometimes I think that it is just as blessed to receive as it is to give. You know what I mean? Well, whatever it is, Tim, I wouldn't give up. Come around tomorrow and we can talk it over a little more. You'll have to excuse me now; I have an appointment with Monsignor Schmitz." He patted the boy on the shoulder and then watched him walk toward the dormitory in the unfriendly snow, still oblivious of the sun.

The limestone steps of Old Main were worn, and in the worn spots the ice had not completely melted. The clock in the tower was grinding out four belated dissonant strokes. In the main corridor the dim lights barely illuminated the dark oil paintings, gifts of unprosperous alumni. The reception room, which looked like the aftermath of an antique sale, was inhabited by Monsignor Schmitz's secretary. With the smile and gestures of an aging social worker, she escorted him to the open door of the president's office.

"Come in, Charley." According to the students, Monsignor George Schmitz resembled George Washington, and oddly enough the secretary's name was Martha. She closed the door gently. "Come in, come in. Sit down. I have a couple things here to sign and I'll be right with you."

The office was stale, almost musty, and out of keeping with the president's spicy deodorant. On the desk were several greasy manila folders and the *Wall Street Journal*. Some years before, the old man's brother had died and left the old man with two farms and a number of stocks. The income tax men were now investigating, but fortunately for St. Greg's nothing had thus been found amiss. A geode, serving as a paper weight, lay on the desk like a massive and petrified human brain.

"Join me in a cigar?"

"No thanks, Monsignor." Father Edwards waited until the cigar was drawing to his superior's satisfaction.

"Cause a lot of smoke, don't they?" The old man's hazel eyes twinkled under his silo-like dome. "Now to get down to business."

"Yes, Monsignor. I don't want to take up a lot of your time . . ."

"Oh, Charley, excuse me. I forgot to tell you that the switchboard's been trying to get hold of you. Your dad wants you to come over tonight—poor fellow."

"Thank you." The old man's concern was too adequately human under the circumstances. "What I came to see you about is . . . Well, Monsignor, I'm going to ask the bishop to relieve me of teaching."

The old man's expression gradually changed into a friendly frown. "Don't be silly, Charley. Just because Hawkins was made chairman of the department? Nonsense."

"It's not nonsense, Monsignor. Todds Junction is without a priest, and Stillwater opens up every spring."

"But why now, Charley? Did you really want to be chairman?"

"Monsignor, I don't care to discuss that. I'm here to notify you so that you can hire a replacement—out of courtesy."

"Now, I know you have seniority, but Hawkins has been publishing and getting us a little prestige—which we need. It's sort of a reward for his work. You understand that, Charley." He blew two huge smoke rings toward the upright pen on his desk, a missile about to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be shot into orbit; they shied away and lingered over the geode. "There was no intention of hurting anyone. My motives were completely above board. And now you want to hurt yourself by leaving the college?"

"Hurt myself?" He couldn't stand the old man's mature ignorance.

"Yes, of course, yourself. You're cut out for this kind of life—you've accommodated yourself very well. Todds Junction! Stillwater! If there was something you really wanted, a particular parish that was good for you—and you for the parish—why, Charley, I'd talk to the bishop myself for you." He shifted the cigar to the other side of his mouth and winked; it was too much like the movies. "But the way things are, you would go crazy in a place like Todds Junction. Nonsense! You're good for St. Greg's, but I wouldn't keep you here if you were unhappy. Talk it over with Billy and Wally—they'll tell you the same thing, I bet." He habitually added a "y" to the first names of the clerical faculty members; Heitz and Savage didn't like it either; it was as if he were trying to keep them young and keep himself from growing older. "No, you're cut out for our kind of life. Don't rush things you'll regret later."

"I'm sorry, Monsignor, but that's the way it is." Father Edwards' eyes dropped to the voluted geode, encrusted in its rough shell. "Nine years here has been long enough. I've been thinking about it for some time."

"Sorry you see it that way, Charley. Early forties, aren't you? Have a few years ahead of you yet. One little error can bring a lot of unhappiness. Sometimes you don't even have to be guilty." He pointed to the *Wall Street Journal* and cleared his throat with a feeble grunt. "So don't do any violence to yourself, others can do that."

"Thank you, Monsignor." He was pleased that the old man had not threatened to interfere by going to the bishop. "In a small parish I'll have more time to read and, well—I don't want to sound pietistic—time to pray. I'll have a house of my own and maybe I can take care of my father the way I should."

"The old folks' home does about as much as you'd ever be able to do."

"I can try."

"Well, if that's the way it is Charley, I wish you good luck." The monsignor paused and rested one hand on the geode and the other on his chin. "I can tell you that I did consider you to be chairman, but I didn't think you would like the job. You have to step on a lot of toes and slap down your friends once in a while. What's more, Charley, you didn't even apply for the position. Hawkins did."

"On the other hand, Monsignor, you didn't consult me either. In fact, the only matter you ever asked my opinion on was that of bringing Heitz into the college."

"Yes, Charley, I do remember that. My first year as president, wasn't it? But you told me to use my own judgment. Right? You said you had some reservations on him."

How could he bring up that incident! Heitz and he were close friends, very close, and the monsignor knew it. It should never had been mentioned. It was a breach . . .

"If I've made a mistake about Hawkins, Charley, don't you make one too."

Father Edwards stood and extended his hand, which his superior, half standing and half sitting, leaned over and grasped firmly. "No hard feelings, Charley. I wish you'd think about it a little more. And don't forget to see your dad."

THE SNOW was heavy now and they could be in for a real blizzard. The dormitory would be cold again and he would have to borrow Savage's electric heater. The old fool! And his crazy geode! Gad, he was uncanny—usually people accepted the cigar and forgot all about what they wanted to discuss. Mentioning the Heitz issue was ungentlemanly—in fact, it was nasty. Absolutely no one had guessed that Heitz would make a good teacher; Schmitz had gambled and had won—that was all. Everyone had thought Savage would be a good teacher, but not Heitz. Savage was all right in his own way—lived up to his name a little too well. Even his laugh had a dirty sound to it. That was one reason the bishop had sent him to Catholic University—afraid good old Savage might embarrass the Church any other place. Always talking about his hemorrhoids and his ham radio. Well, if his own parish was to be in the sticks, he could take up short wave and contact Savage when things really got rough.

Heitz was waiting in the lobby of the dormitory. "Well, how did it go? Still set on going?"

"Of course. The old man used the same old tricks to throw me off, but he didn't change my mind. What did you expect?"

"Don't get sore. Savage is waiting in his room to hear the word. Said he'd have a drink ready." Savage always had a drink ready before dinner—called it his version of Hemingway's camaraderie, indoors.

In Father Savage's room all three sat in chairs too low and too soft, spotty glasses in hand, while Father Edwards talked about the appointment, now and then exaggerating a little in his own favor, the ten percent the other two expected. Savage urged him on with pontifical nods of approval, and Father Edwards tried to be jovial, but something the old man had said haunted him and the ugly geode belligerently reappeared.

"He tacitly approved then? Agreed to let you do it?" asked Savage with an unusually serious face.

"I think so. He left it up to me."

"You don't think he's worried about your getting the cathedral before he does?", laughed Savage. Even Fa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ther Edwards saw the absurdity of the remark and laughed—the first time all day.

"But not until you've served time in Todds Junction or Stillwater," continued Heitz. "You can have either one as far as I'm concerned. Put the two together and you still wouldn't have a busy weekend, much less a busy week."

"About the only thing that recommends them is that they don't have any temptations—they don't have anything," said Savage. "That's Godforsaken country, Charles."

"You talk as if I'd never seen the places."

"Oh, well," said Savage, "Charles prefers a church of celibacy to a church of charity, don't you, Charles?"

"I believe you're right," said Heitz to Savage, excluding Father Edwards from the conversation. "The wilderness and celibacy will leave Charles with a lot of time for prayer. Maybe some sackcloth and ashes . . ."

"Stop it, will you?" he said tolerantly, knowing the mild protest would have no effect. "But seriously, I *would* have more time for prayer and spiritual reading." And at the same time he wondered whether his mild cynicism had not dried up the roots of prayer.

"Of course, Charles," grinned Heitz, "as you cut the grass, paint the church, roof the rectory, shovel the snow by yourself—lots of time. I suppose you can pray in overalls as well as in a cassock. Right, Savage?"

"I could hire that work done."

"With what?" asked Heitz seriously. "Those places can't even afford housekeepers. My uncle was at Todds Junction for one year and was on the verge of becoming a wino when the bishop transferred him."

"But I'd have my father. Your uncle was alone."

They didn't understand the situation. He would still go through with it, even if he had to cut the grass and shovel the snow . . . He could learn how to do these things and maybe even regain the fervor of his seminary days. Certainly he wouldn't have the distractions and interruptions of a dormitory. He wasn't being selfish, he could do without comfort. Still, he didn't want to be a recluse or hermit, in this age or any other age. If he couldn't regain his youthful religious vitality, at least he could try to become impervious to the world like the geode on the president's desk. No, not a living saint, but untouched by the way others felt and talked and laughed and . . . He could be a servant instead of a master and wait upon his father with that filial piety he had always lacked. Others had sanctified themselves with this kind of hardship and isolation, and now no one was standing in his way. . . .

IN THE blowing snow that evening Father Edwards took his customary after-dinner walk in the direction of St. Ann's Home for the Aged, skirting the cemetery on the way over and always cutting through it on the way back. Visiting with his father never became less difficult, never more pleasant, always a chore—usually an hour of checkers to pass the time. Being an only child should have made the visits more than welcome for both, but the two of them had never been close, had never quite trusted the other. It was true, wasn't it—large families, although more argumentative and noisier, seemed happier and warmer. Yes, he would have had a large family, so the children wouldn't have to grow up so fast—like poplar trees that turn to wood after a few years. Yet he wouldn't let himself be enveloped by his wife the way his father had—throwing himself on the coffin in the cemetery and almost falling into the grave, trusting in her more than the priest in the veiled confessional. Loving her, yes, but having friends come in that shared the gaps she couldn't fill. What could have been a beautiful love between his parents had been only an attachment too strong and too exclusive, almost destructive on his father's part. Children could be overly dependent too, but this would never happen to him.

In the sterile private room at the Home the old man was sitting in his rocking chair at the window, watching the fierce snow. Father Edwards placed a carton of cigarettes on the bed and walked up behind him almost unnoticed. Outside, the lights formed a crescent about the driveway and vainly tried to intrude on the surrounding vacuous darkness; the snow, now without the whimper of the wind, continued its solitary task almost insidiously, its blinding, petrifying task.

"Get the checkers out, Charles. You're late." It was the usual greeting and the son, as he prepared the board, studied the similarity between his father and Monsignor Schmitz. They were the same age, the same . . . "You don't have to play if you don't want to." He picked up the carton of cigarettes as if they had been there all day and began hiding them in the closet. "Can't trust anyone around here. It's every man for himself."

They began to play and Father Edwards dropped hints of the day's activities. The old man grunted to indicate that he was listening, if not comprehending what was being said.

"In a parish I could take care of you. You could have your own privacy again—a home. Todds Junction isn't so bad, and even Stillwater is better than nothing."

"Go ahead and take it then, if that's what you want."

"You'll come along?"

"No, no, no! I won't come along!" the old man insisted. "Your move."

He studied the board carefully as if interested and lined up a kill. "We could take hikes together, cook what we wanted. Remember the day we gathered rocks and carried all those geodes home?"

"The ugly, useless things," the old man mumbled. "What you going to do with that there king?"

He moved the king and the old man cleared the board of his son's remaining checkers.

"They weren't that ugly." And he recalled how they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had to be cracked open with a sledge hammer; inside the crystals glittered like miniature chandeliers. "I've been thinking about asking the bishop for a parish for a long time. I'd take good care of you, Dad."

"And what about yourself? No, no, no! I won't have anything to do with it!" The old man's outbursts were the only remaining signs of vitality. "I've led my life, you lead yours. You have your own friends. If you don't want to play checkers, why do you come over here every night!"

HOLDING his coat collar close under his chin to ward off the cold, Father Edwards began his walk back to the campus, cutting through the lighted cemetery. The cold stubborn monuments, losing their identities under the draping snow, seemed majestically lonely. The only sound was the click-click-click of his unbuckled galoshes.

As he approached the campus, the snow turned into a near drizzle that reminded him of carbonated water; and lights from Old Main cast long crystal-like paths on the crusty snow. Indistinct figures crossed the campus and faded into buildings. Through the bare trees, lights from smaller windows disappeared and reappeared, off and on like lightning bugs on a warm summer night; and the snow began to crunch with its new moisture, ready for a friendly snowball.

Someone had already shoveled the sidewalk leading up to the dormitory, and in front of the building he could make out the figures of Heitz and Savage walking back and forth like lazy sentinels, waiting for his return. The snow seemed less hostile, and the flakes melted rapidly as they dropped on his upturned face.

He would make another appointment with the president in the morning.

The Silence Within

Under the dark thunder,
under the wonder of why, we wait;
we hear; we fear; and near the mask
our eyes meet grief with grief.
The heart's wearing time
is chained to the trees upcurve green,
what is sound we have accepted,
what we know, we have seen.
We could not wake
in the cage of sleep's false light,
to the dare of a dream we listened
in its rest we fought the night.
The dark renewing of the bone,
brittle white and thin,
sheds its solitude deep down
keeping silence in.

SISTER CLAUDE OF JESUS, S.N.J.M.

THE SCREEN

Have You Any Wool?

UNLIKE TW3, which somewhat erratically points out men's foibles by making fun of them, a group of foreign movies that have just reached our shores take themselves and their subjects very seriously in exposing this was the day that was. Some of the days on display are in the present, some in the past, but whatever the day, the behavior of man is effectively scrutinized in each of these films.

Grim is the word for "Bandits of Orgosolo," an Italian picture filmed in Sardinia. It is the work of the documentary filmmaker Vittorio De Seta (not to be confused with De Sica) who produced, directed, and photographed "Bandits" and wrote its script that has just enough plot to keep it from being considered a documentary. Its clear black-and-white pictures portray the bleak life of today's Sardinian shepherds, who are as hard as the craggy terrain around them. Their moving about with their sheep is determined by pastureland and water; their only ties are with family and community; and their ideas of right and wrong are not necessarily the same as right and wrong elsewhere.

After setting the harsh scene (the cast are all local nonprofessionals), De Seta concentrates on one shepherd, Michele, whose sad story is heart-breaking. When some men, driven to banditry by poverty, shoot a policeman near his hut, Michele is certain he will be blamed; so he flees with his 12-year-old brother and flock of unpaid-for sheep across the cruel mountains with the police in hot pursuit. The chase through the dry, rocky mountains exhausts the little boy and kills the sheep. But Michele, with his strange code, feels he must pay for the sheep anyway. So, like the bandits who got him into trouble, Michele becomes a bandit and robs and ruins another shepherd. Since I am unfamiliar with Orgosolo and unlikely to visit it, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this well-made film or the vicious circle it portrays; but since De Seta spent a year here and lived among the shepherds and townfolk who play the various roles, he succeeds in giving "Bandits" an authentic atmosphere; and he makes us feel and understand the despair that overcomes Michele at the bitter finale.

GOING BACK some sixty years with another Italian film, "The Organizer" presents another portrait of the lives and hard times of working folk. While this movie, set in Turin and in a spinning mill where men and women suffer through a fourteen-hour workday, has plenty of depressing scenes, the film on the whole is an upbeat affair showing how factory slaves began to wake up to labor movements and the dignity of man. Much of this is old-hat, but it never hurts people to be reminded

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that we didn't always have the forty-hour work week and that many sacrifices were made by the laborers who first proposed to management that they be treated as human beings, not animals.

The plot of "The Organizer" may be a backward-turn-backward look, but the filmmaking itself stands with today's best. Mario Monicelli has done an excellent job in directing the fine, large cast that includes Marcello Mastroianni as the hungry stranger who turns up and guides the workers' struggles to express their needs; Renato Salvatori, Folco Lulli, Bernard Blier, Elvira Tonelli, and others as workers; and still others as characters drawn into the complicated plot. Annie Giradot gives a touching performance as a worker's daughter who has rebelled at the mill's drudgery and finds prostitution much more profitable. Even more touching are the scenes between a working youth (Franco Ciolli) who heads his family and his little brother who wants to quit school and go into the mill.

The picture consists of many such carefully depicted vignettes. Outstanding in "The Organizer" is Franco Cristaldi's first-rate production with its stunning black-and-white photography that has caught the actors, the turn-of-the-century sets, and Turin itself in a series of magnificent you-were-there shots that even our Mathew Brady would have envied. Although the workers by no means win their strike in the climax, and the militia even kills fine, young Franco Ciolli, the labor movement has a promising start. Even when Franco's little brother goes to work at the mill and the prison-like gates close behind him, we know that the future will be better: workers have learned to unite; they have won recognition and their own self-respect.

MOVING still farther back to the seventeenth century is the Japanese film "Life of Oharu." Although this extraordinarily handsome movie, was made by director Kenji Mizoguchi in 1951, it has never been shown in this country before. Perhaps it was considered too slow, too melodramatic for American tastes; but anyone who cares at all for better Japanese films would be foolish to miss this one. It's true that its story (of a high-born girl who makes a serious mistake in her short love affair with a low-ranking samurai and then goes down the sad road from bad to worse) is dated and often reminiscent of Theodore Dreiser and lesser writers of some fifty years ago, but "Life of Oharu" is so well acted by Kinuyo Tanaka in the lead role, and the film's photography is so incredibly beautiful that its assets far outweigh its dated clichés. Oharu's is a teary story and not in the 1964 mold, but the movie about the poor girl has a poetic quality and universal touch that makes it well worth seeing.

MUCH more modern, but not worth seeing is "Weekend," an up-to-date shocker about the Danish Dolce Vita set. Three couples and one bachelor spend a weekend

Ground-breaking new books

NATURE AND GRACE

Dilemmas in the Modern Church

By KARL RAHNER, S.J. "A truly creative theologian probes into some problem areas of Christian faith and experience. With his keen awareness of man's actual needs and aspirations, Rahner is able to make theology exciting, as indeed it ought to be. . . . He communicates an exhilarating sense of God's unspeakable greatness and makes one feel the privilege of being called to bear witness, in a shadowy world, to God's amazing mercies." —AVERY DULLES, S.J. $3.50

THE THEOLOGY OF MARRIAGE

The Historical Development of Christian Attitudes Toward Sex and Sanctity in Marriage

By JOSEPH E. KERNS, S.J. "A collection of opinion that for all practical purposes was formerly unavailable, certainly in English." —America. $6.00

PEACE AND ARMS

Reports from THE NATION

Edited by HENRY M. CHRISTMAN. These very varied writings on the "warfare state" are "stimulating and provocative. They may cause one to disagree—as some points caused me—but one has to think."—SENATOR HUBERT H. HUMPHREY $4.50

PRAYERS FROM SAINT PAUL

By PAUL HILSDALE, S.J. "St. Paul's inspired epistles flash and come alive as this book devoutly turns them into prayers."—FRANKLIN CLARK FRY, President of the Lutheran Church in America. A selection of the Spiritual Book Associates. $4.50

THE ACADEMIC MAN IN THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE

By JOHN D. DONOVAN. How able are the professors in Catholic colleges? This book, based on the findings of a recent survey, gives the answer—in depth! $6.00

At your bookstore

SHEED & WARD, New York 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which husband and wives change sleeping partners; and since the bachelor gets one of the wives, her husband is left out in the cold. He tries to make up for this by assaulting the pretty teen-age maid. The married folk are shocked that this husband isn't playing the game right. And this husband tells them all to go to hell. Whether or not they went, I never found out. Since "Weekend" won an award as the best Danish film of the year, the Danes must be very hard-up for good movies.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Letter from Paris

ANNE FREMANTLE

Paris

THE PAST three months have seen the publication of many books of special interest for French (and American) Catholics. Much the most interesting is, of course, Jean Paul Sartre's autobiography, *Les Mots*. As he writes: "I began my life as doubtless I shall finish it, among books." His account of his astonishing childhood—brought up by a mother intimidated by her father—includes that of his religious education which was neither-nor: neither Catholic, which some of his relations were, nor Protestant, which his Schweitzer mother was. "I was taught the Gospel and the catechism," he writes, "without being given the means to believe." So he became a man of letters, for whom the written is the sacred "ersatz of the Christian I might have been."

A quasi-autobiography is that of Gilbert Cesbron, author of *The Saints Go to Hell*—an account of the worker priests. He offers nothing private or intimate, but rather a pseudo-Pascalian collection of maxims and thoughts, notes for (or from) his intellectual and spiritual life. A most moving spiritual testament—and one that is also selling very well—is Jean Guehenno's *Ce que je crois* (What I believe). A professor, a Member of the *Académie Française*, Jean Guehenno came from a family "vaguely Christian" but never took to the "patronizing and functionary-riddled" Church. He was a poor boy, of proletarian stock, and, while escaping Communism (by the skin of his teeth) he goes back, in mind and heart, to Jean Jacques Rousseau and the *Vicaire Savoyard*.

Three biographies of very different Catholics have recently appeared. *Joseph de Maistre*, by C. J. Gignoux, is a surprising rehabilitation, by a well-known liberal, the author of books on Lenin, on Saint Just, and a study of French industry. Gignoux sees in de Maistre, beyond his Christian illuminism, beyond his unlucky life, a serious moralist and no mean prophet. Sir Isaiah Berlin, lecturing on de Maistre at Bryn Mawr, also paid tribute to this Savoyard, too easily dismissed as a reactionary. Jean de Fabregues writes of Georges Bernanos "such as he was" and details this many-faceted man. Polemicist, journalist, as well as novelist; in everything Bernanos was and did he was essentially a "committed" man. Jean de Fabregues knew him intimately and writes well of what he knew. There have already been a plethora of lives of John XXIII, but Louis Chaigne's *Portrait of Jean XXIII* is exactly what it claims to be, a portrait. Historically accurate, referring constantly to sources, this unpretentious study is nicely balanced.

Two works of what the French are apt to call "*longue*

ANNE FREMANTLE, a well-known writer and lecturer, is editor of *Treasury of Early Christianity*, *Age of Belief* and other works.

JUST PUBLISHED

FORD MADOX FORD

From Apprentice to Craftsman *by Carol B. Ohmann*

Twenty-three years of professional writing—seventeen novels, twenty-one books of other sorts, and many journalistic articles—lay between the failure that was *The Shifting of the Fire* and the first of Ford's recognized masterpieces. Why was he so long in reaching his potential?

About one-third of Mrs. Ohmann's study is devoted to this problem which, in the author's words, "would, I hope, make the book of interest to a serious student of fiction even if he had no special interest in Ford or the modern novel *per se*."

The balance of the book treats Ford's triumphant major works *The Good Soldier* and *Parade's End*.

Mrs. Ohmann shows how the ethical and psychological paradoxes whose ambiguities marred all of Ford's earlier work are resolved in these masterworks; and that this very resolution constitutes, in a way, the touchstone of their lasting import.

x+185 Pages $6.00

Wesleyan University Press

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haleine" which roughly means long-term projects are the publication of the complete works of Teilhard de Chardin, and the *New History of the Church* by Father Jean Daniélou and Professor Henri Maarou. The first has already reached Vol VII, the "Activation of Energy." In this volume Teilhard lays down the premise that the universe, a process, consists of the Cosmos become Cosmogenesis, humanity become an anthropogenesis and Christianity a Christogenesis. The *History of the Church* will be in 5 volumes: Medieval (600-1500), Reformation and Counter-Reformation (1500-1715), Revolutions & Restorations (1715-1848), The Church in the Modern World (1815 until today). This whole history is written from the point-of-view of Vatican II. It is the history of the People of God, but it is ecumenical, in that it does not limit itself to a study of the Church alone, but also of the churches.

Philippe Almeras has written a useful book on French Catholics, simply called *Les Catholiques Français*. This is primarily a sociological and historical study, objectively based on statistics and questionnaires, with precise references. Some surprising facts emerge: the diocese of Strasbourg ordains more priests for the mission-field than for its own parishes; the ratio of priests to people is higher in France than in Italy or Spain; there are more nuns in France today than there were in 1789. Jean-Jacques Thierry's study of the Vatican at the time of Leo XIII is based on the diary of Cardinal Pecci's secretary. The last years of Pius IX, saddened by the loss of the temporal power, the conclave of 1878 at which Pecci was elected Pope, are therein described.

Daniel-Rops in his *L'église des revolutions: Un combat pour Dieu 1870-1939* discusses modernism, and the missionary renewal of the beginning of this century, when the first native clergy were ordained and England and the United States enjoyed a great burst of Catholic fervor. The story carries on through Benedict XV's heroic efforts first to prevent, and then to stop, World War I, and ends with the anti-Nazi encyclical of Pius XI (written by the then Cardinal Pacelli) *Mit Brennender Sorge*. Jean Guitton, the only layman summoned to Vatican II who addressed the Council, in his *Le Christ Ecartele* (Christ Dismembered) writes of crises and councils in Church history; he notes "this oscillation between a leaning towards the world (modernism) and a tendency to inviolability (integrism) always threatened by a maximum, that is, an excess of charity, and a minimum, that is, an excess of concern for integrity."

The current emphasis on the layman, so evident in the U.S., is shown in R. L. Oeschlin's *Une Spiritualité des laics*. Is there such a thing as lay spirituality? the author asks, and, while averring that there is he puts first things first. The layman must be first seen in proper perspective: that of the consecration of the whole world by, and through, Christ.

Finally, two novels. Jean Sulivan's *Mais il y a la Mer*

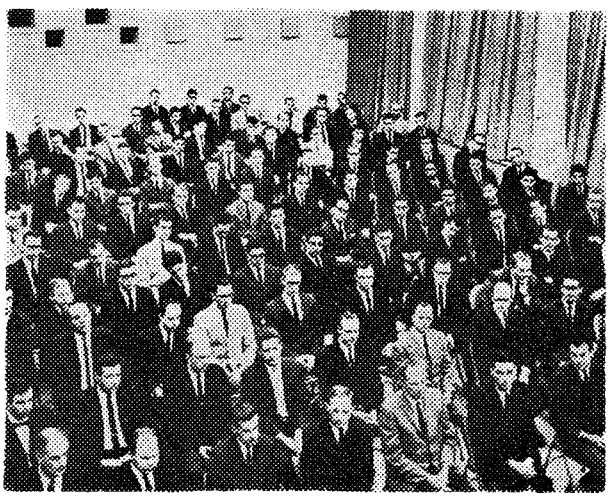
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO BECOME A PRIEST!

Do you have the desire to become a priest of God, but because of age or insufficient scholastic background believe yourself unprepared for immediate acceptance into the usual minor or major seminary?

Then study for the Diocesan, Religious or Missionary Clergy at

HOLY APOSTLES SEMINARY

Cromwell, Connecticut



The Church is finding today a substantial answer to her acute vocational problem in adult candidates to the Priesthood.

Serving the Church Universal in one of her flourishing new apostolates, Holy Apostles Seminary is devoted exclusively to the training of delayed vocations to the Priesthood. Conducted by the Missionaries of the Holy Apostles, it is fully accredited and offers its own Bachelor of Arts Degree.

- **Accelerated Latin for Beginners**
- **Two years of Liberal Arts**
- **Two years of Thomistic Philosophy**

Students who are interested in following only one or two sections of the scholastic program, before transfer to their final clerical destinations, are welcome. Minimum age for admission is twenty years, and sponsorship by a bishop or religious order is required only for applicants who are forty years of age or over. Individual curricula are worked out to meet the specific needs of each student.

For further information write to:

Director of Admissions
Holy Apostles Seminary
Box 20
Cromwell, Connecticut, 06416

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was much praised by Luc Estang, whose *Que ces mots Répondent*—his eighth novel—has just been published by the Editions du Seuil. This is a troubling book. Alice, whose husband Octave has left her and their two children for a pretty young widow his wife had befriended, learns by telephone that the said widow has died suddenly. She decides to go to the cheap hotel where this woman lived and try to see her husband. In a Kafkaesque series of flashbacks, the poor woman is made to seem guilty of many things, from frigidity to lesbian leanings, while his children reject their truly guilty father, but at the end forgive him. Luc Estang's first novel to be published in the U.S., *The Better Song* introduced to American readers the writer French Catholics consider as the successor to François Mauriac and even in some ways his superior.

REVIEWS

Seven Poets: the Creation of Images to Delight

Collected Poems. By Ralph Hodgson. St. Martin's Press. $4.50.
A Year and A Day. By Carlos Baker. Vanderbilt University Press. $2.50.
Telephone Poles. By John Updike. Knopf. $4.
Sailing to an Island. By Richard Murphy. Chilmark Press. $2.95.
The Holy Merriment. By Arnold Kenseth. The University of North Carolina Press. $4.
The Small Rain. By Raymond Roseliep. The Newman Press. $3.95.
The Collected Poems of Wilbert Snow. Wesleyan University Press. $7.50.

by John Fandel

HERE ARE seven recent books of poetry which deserve a good audience willing to share the delight their creators image. Each poet has something to say about the creation, and each one has found his own particular way of saying so. Each one gives an individual kind of pleasure that the reviewer might write about in detailed fullness; reading these masters of economy, however, makes the reviewer try to do as well in writing briefly about them, hoping the reader will discover himself what is left unsaid.

Say Ralph Hodgson, you will get "Eve," "The Bull," "Time, You Old Gipsy Man." These are probably his best known poems. Other good ones include "The Gipsy Girl," "Stupidity Street," "The Bells of Heaven," "The Birdcatcher," and "To Hang a Man." He was most effective when brief, one insight plainly but magically fixed in lyric fashion, the immediate image. But even his longer poems that occasionally flag give the delight of the lyric moment that saves. Long and short poems are here for the first time collected in one volume, carefully edited by Colin Fenton. The charm of this poet is of the first order to be achieved in lyric verse.

Order and arrangement make Carlos Baker's first collection an attractive one. Both are present in each of the poems well ordered and in the collection fitly arranged, neither stiff nor contrived. Both come from his writing in the tradition of English verse and the quietly discovered self. The poems of part one catch the tone of the poets they are tributes to, with the greatest ease. The sonnets, part two, skilfully show the possible arrangements in traditional order. "The Hawk," the first of these, is a stunning poem. Part three is the arrangement of one day, imaging observations and reflections in a tone that is pleasant to live with, sensitive, imaginative, aware. This is a fine collection.

John Updike is agile in using words and has a lot of fun in being funny. What he can do with a book announcement in *The Times*, "The Silver Pilgrimage," by M. Anantanarayanan, or a headline, ROGER BOBO GIVES RECITAL ON TUBA, is typical. He doesn't try too hard, either. He manages to use *lithographer, lithogensis, litholysis, lithophthesis,* among other "liths" in one poem, easily as if it were easy. His kind of verse is exhilarating. After reading him for a while, one finds the word has taken on new life—its old one renewed, at least. The less playful poems speak gracefully and sparely. Both kinds please and go well together.

In this first American edition of his poems, especially in "Sailing to an Island," "The Woman of the House," "Auction," and "The Drowning of a Novice," Richard Murphy gives us his firm rhythms with fresh accents, his resonant diction, his good eye as well as his good nature. The wholesome feeling of the man comes through to the reader in a voice that carries the sorrow and the joy of living. He speaks directly and winningly the wholeness of his awareness; the reader hears and knows the sensibility. It is sure, it is sensitive. Telling a story or telling his heart, Murphy is a poet who charms the attention with a lovely use of language.

The art of Arnold Kenseth does not show; simply it wins one over, poem after poem. Each is the poem you like best until you read the next one—this is the enthusiasm we sometimes have in reading a poet for the first time. A certain tone, a certain unmistakeable style in all, finally make us recognize a voice, in superlatives. What is it about the voice which pleases so? Direct speech spoken from the human condition, in hope, form so skilfully managed it occurs through statement, imagery as fresh as the first day of the world, the music of thought, the actual joy of the spirit—these are some pleasing characteristics. Open the book at random and read. It delights.

In his second book of poems, Raymond Roseliep experiments with syllable count, rhyme and free verse, the poems arranged accordingly in the first three sections of the book, all figuring in the fourth. His language is original and lively, tuned to the inflection and stress of speech, his imagery a mixture of the ordinary and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the unexpected ("The blueflower eyed hostess") to create the greater image in the poems: a voice giving a running commentary on its being among the diverse things of this world. Poems of a teacher, a priest, these are poems chiefly of a person who speaks sensitively through the order of the poem, using language in a way that insists upon what becomes the poem. Experience creates the poem. The poem defines both.

The poems of five books, 1923-1957 —Wilbert Snow's narratives, lyrics, and sonnets, his life's work as a poet —are collected in one solid volume. His range is impressive, from the long story in verse to the brief lyric of a single image. In all, he sustains the form strictly, surely. One is aware of his force and his fine feeling. The vigor of his plain spoken awareness of life comes through directly. A seafarer, this poet's work has the rhythm of the tides, the image of gull and fleet, the peace of the sea and its rage. He has caught the New England "ways" and "speech" of the "simple folk" he knows and loves. Snow is good reading.

A last legacy
from one of
America's best-loved
religious leaders...

REFLECTIONS ON GROWING OLD

by John LaFarge, S.J.

In his last book, Father LaFarge's rich wisdom and gentle humor help provide a realistic plan for life's later years. The serene joy imparted by REFLECTIONS ON GROWING OLD make it an ideal gift for Mother's or Father's Day.

$2.95 at all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY
publishers

Night Signs

On a Dark Night. By Richard Bankowsky. Random House. $4.95.

by W. E. Arnold

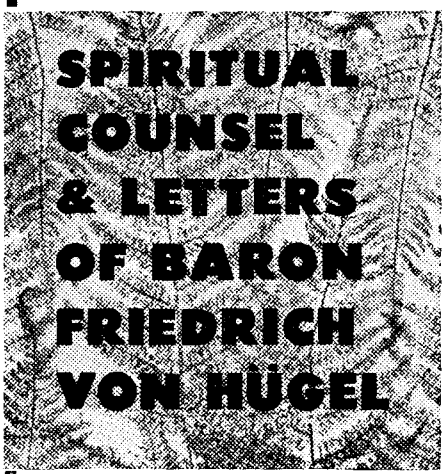
CALLING his story "Three Canticles," the author has conceived it under the sign of the Spanish mystics. It is a strangely compelling story, told in great unedited monologues, of the tangled knot of flesh and spirit tied willfully and fatally by its principal actors. Sensuality and mysticism run like dominant strands throughout this knottiness. If the quality of the mysticism is dubious, that of the sensuality is convincing enough. Presumably what the author means to show us here is the "Night of the Senses" and not the "Illuminative Stage." Everyone knows by now, an *Inferno* is more readily understandable than a *Paradiso*. It is also deceptively easier to write about, as *On a Dark Night* proves.

The story begins promisingly enough with the professor throwing himself into the fire "just as he might have any other badly botched translation of the real thing." Even here there is an allusion to incarnation and disincarnation, but it takes the length of the story to explain it. The only trouble is that even then it is not exactly clear what the author means. Actually the professor, Simone Valentinus Borzoi, is with us right through the story as an incarnate angel of death, and only at the end does he despatch himself and those in whose lives he has become entangled. This denouement is meant to be tragic. At best it is pathetic, bordering on bathos, and that is one measure of the book's failure as art.

The principal characters in the story, beside the old professor of humanities, are a beautiful young girl who becomes his wife and a university student whom she loves and who is her lover, but who will not become her husband. There are others who touch and propel the story to its destiny as it moves from New Jersey to Manhattan to the Southwest, with one truly surrealistic flashback to a Nazi concentration camp. But these are only lesser characters than the others. The hard fact

For our time

. . . and all time



EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY DOUGLAS V. STEERE

The following are excerpts from a new collection of writings by Baron von Hugel:

"Do not be greedy of consolation. I never got anything that way. Suffering teaches: life teaches. Love and joy are your way. Be very humble; it's the only thing. . . .

"Live from day to day, even from hour to hour. Perseverance is one of the crowning graces of God. . . .

"I hate rigorism—it's all wrong. Our Lord was never a rigorist. He loved publicans and sinners. How he loved the beauties of nature, the family—children! . . .

"Get rid of all self-occupation. I don't mean self-examination for conscience sake, though that, too, can be overdone. But self-oblivion is a splendid thing. Never pray but you realize that you are one of a countless number of souls, a countless number of stars."

★

"Here is a Catholic layman who was a reliable and sure spiritual guide to many scholars and contemplatives both inside the Roman Catholic Church and outside it. He is important above all for the profoundly sane and genuinely religious spirituality that was his: its breadth and wisdom reaching out to encompass the deepest mysticism and the most 'normal' human realities at the same time."

—THOMAS MERTON

$5.00 at your bookseller

Harper & Row

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that there are no real characters, no real people in the book. Thus what might have been the redeeming feature of the novel turns out to be its central flaw.

Basically the people of the book are just not believable. That is fatal because it prevents the reader from having that essential sympathy which can make him care what happens to them. They do not so much convey character as mood, and are thus sops to the reader's own arbitrary fantasies, figments of the author's rich imagination. This means that they are not so much actors as sufferers. They do not choose their courses, as they do not prove themselves capable of choice. But where there is no choice there is no story in the deepest sense, and the reader quickly loses interest. The element of drama is missing. What the reader gets is a series of monologues, more suited to reverie than to action. It is because the book lacks moral and personal action that it is finally dull.

It is not in material that the author is deficient, but in handling it. He has simply not taken the care to construct a skillful or believable tale out of his art and his experience. *On a Dark Night* is "strangely compelling," but compulsion is not enough to justify praise for a novel. Watching a street brawl is compulsive. It certainly does not give the kind of aesthetic enjoyment that a good novel ought to provide. There is flesh enough here for a good novel to have been built around the bare bones of the form. As it is, the flesh is emaciated in vital places and too too solid in others, giving to the whole an aspect of the grotesque which does not seem artistically justified.

If the author does have something to say, he has not said it here. Unfortunately, as an epigraph to this novel, Mr. Bankowsky quotes another of the Spanish mystics, St. Teresa, to the effect that what is said here cannot have been said otherwise. If that is meant to disarm criticism, it will not work. Aside from that it simply is not true. What the author has tried to say in *On a Dark Night* could surely have been said otherwise, more felicitously, more convincingly. But only by him. That is not just a challenge; it is a promise. Mr. Bankowsky is, happily, working on a fourth novel.

Henry Dawes is Back!

The hilarious protagonist of

WE NEUROTICS . . .

returns in

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS:

A Guide to Holiness in the Suburbs

by Bernard Basset, S.J.

"Can only enhance his reputation
as a writer of funny books
with a message . . .
an excellent piece of social
satire . . .
a book to laugh and
grow good on."

—*The Catholic Herald* (London)

May 25 **$3.75**

ACADEMY GUILD PRESS

2430 E. McKinley
Fresno 9, Calif.

Nuclear Warfare

Christian Ethics and Nuclear Warfare. Edited by Ulrich S. Allers and William V. O'Brien. Georgetown. No price indicated.

by Justus George Lawler

SYMPOSIA on nuclear morality have a built-in "obsolescence factor" about equal to that of the strategic concepts and weapons systems they are concerned with; and like the deployment of the weaponry itself, the theological discussion has a tendency to "escalate" from the refinements of moral science to an all-out defense of the Western arsenal. The present book is not "unaligned" with this drift and therefore cannot be said to constitute any kind of "breakthrough" in the field.

Like a number of similar volumes, this work contains its share of the kind of jargon the above comments illustrate; the treatment runs the standard course from intense concern to wooden insouciance—which is usually symbolized by the Zahn-Kahn encounter; the Catholic theologians are ordinarily seen as very clear about principles and vague about applications; and in the end one does not feel that the demands either of morality or of politics have been satisfied.

Since this book was written before the appearance of *Pacem in terris*, many of its views will currently stimulate only a morbid antiquarian interest. But in reading them one is driven to reflect that there may have been an unexpected blessing in the failure—much brooded over in recent years—of American Catholic theologians to attain any international eminence in their discipline. Suppose the author of the following numbing observation had been one of Pope John's consultants: "To those who see American society in terms of Luther's *natura vitiata*, the world of the West is hardly closer to God than the world of Soviet Communism. There is, consequently a temptation to consider capitulation with an attempt at consequent conversion as preferable to extinction at the hands of the Soviets."

Even if these were—as in fact they are not—the only alternatives, it is a temptation to which this theologian emphatically would not succumb. There's not much ecumenism or sense of coexistence in all this—quite understandable though: John had only been pope three years, and Stalin had only been dead eight years when the above glacial judgment was rendered, and we have learned not to expect our moralists, many of whom have difficulty keeping up with the past, to anticipate imminent trends.

This same theologian defends the destruction of Soviet property "even if the military and industrial targets existing there were negligible or nonexistent," because "this concept of property rather than military targets" is particularly significant "when we are speaking of a Communistic society." Either this is a *non sequitur* or we are arguing that Communists being "materialists" and "totalitarians" don't distinguish between military and non-military sectors, and *therefore* neither should we. The masterly irrelevance of this kind of theology is evident in a defense of city-busting, provided "we give the civilian popu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lation adequate notice and adequate time to evacuate."

Five paragraphs later this theologian assumes a less total-war posture and notes that we would not "be justified in destroying any city by thermonuclear means if the people were there." (Why specify "thermonuclear means" when any means would be immoral?) But what is objectionable about this is its utter lack of bearing on reality. If a government were so moral that it would announce beforehand its intention—and this, not merely as a sop to its own public opinion but as a matter of ethics—it would certainly be bound by the same morality not to bomb if the population did not evacuate; and the enemy and its citizens, knowing this, would never evacuate.

This kind of casuistry has a marked resemblance to games-theory, and just as little relation to conceivable situations. Yet the direction of thinking such as this is to move us closer and closer to a rationale for total war. Certainly in such a target city there would be people hospitalized, people incapable of being evacuated; and if our basic premise is the licitness of destroying all "Communist" enemy property, then are we to justify the killing of a few innocents on the principle of double-effect?

This is one of the real cruxes in Catholic moral teaching. It is said that in the application of the principle of double-effect, the good achieved must be proportionate to the evil permitted. Though it is affirmed that this proportion is not a measurable or numerical ratio, one rarely reads a moralist who doesn't treat it as such. Thus another theologian, defending the destruction of a munitions plant in an area where non-combatants are dwelling, observes that "the importance of the military accomplishment outweighs several hundred such deaths" among the civilians.

But does not this kind of moralizing trammel us in a calculus which ultimately remains purely quantitative? How small must a military installation be to justify one non-combatant death? How many civilians are worth one Nike-Zeus? How many are worth one nuclear submarine, one Oak Ridge? What is the proportion of matter to spirit? Our moral criteria seemed trapped in the materialism of the pre-Romantic mind: nine Fridays and seven Tuesdays equal so much spiritual achievement; two prayers are worth so many hundred days indulgences. None of this would be unsupportable if it did not relate to more weighty areas, as in the case above or, for other examples, in the doctrine of the marital *debitum*, and in the apparent allowance of anti-ovulants for the health of the body, but not for the health of the mind.

Those who would like to see the just war theory salvaged will read with greater interest than the present book a 1964 Catholic University dissertation—*The Limitation of Warfare*, by Rev. Robert James Fox—which concludes that the arms preparations of the United States and her allies "are blatantly and preponderantly offensive and aggressive," and a contradiction of the Christian ethic of warfare. Father Fox declares that the just war theorist must "either reject the notion of limited warfare or else he must attempt to find targets and moral justification for the huge arsenal of nuclear weapons that his

THE Scribner Library

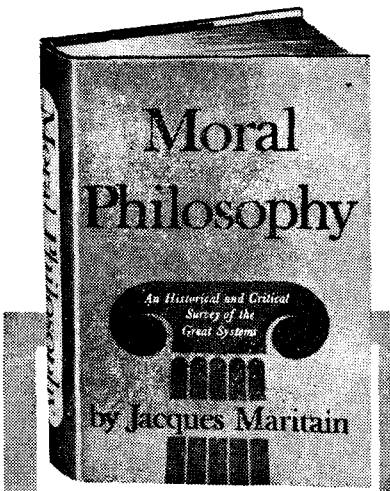
Now available in America's Quality Paperback Series

Jacques Maritain
ART AND SCHOLASTICISM AND THE FRONTIERS OF POETRY
New translation by Joseph W. Evans. A pioneer work in aesthetics. $1.45

THE RANGE OF REASON
A comprehensive survey of Dr. Maritain's main positions on major problems of philosophy. $1.45

Etienne Gilson
REASON AND REVELATION IN THE MIDDLE AGES
A review of the nature and influence of medieval philosophy. $1.25

at all bookstores
SCRIBNERS



Jacques Maritain

"Penetrating and compact... goes to the heart of each of the systems discussed, analyzing them with lucidity and precision."
—*Les Etudes Philosophiques*

One of the foremost philosophers of the 20th century presents what may well be his most significant work: an historical and critical study of the great philosophic systems from Socrates to John Dewey. Long awaited, it is a contribution of the first magnitude—a must for everyone interested in philosophy and society. 480 pages.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY
An Historical and Critical Survey of the Great Systems

$7.95 at all bookstores
SCRIBNERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boys Summer Camp in Ireland

July 16 to August 19

$895, All Inclusive— From New York

Now . . . for the first time, 120 boys from 12 to 16 years of age will have the opportunity to spend five weeks at one of three of Ireland's most famous Colleges: Gormanston, Glenstal, or Mt. Melleray.

Each of these Colleges affords facilities for boys, unsurpassed in the world: heated swimming pools, football, tennis, golf, basketball, baseball, water skiing, add to the lustre, and the opportunity to study French in a modern language lab entices the boy.

Of course, accommodations include Continental cuisine, fully heated rooms with desks and complete counselling by especially trained Priests, Brothers, and our own American Staff.

You must be interested, so don't delay, forward your name and address and complete information will follow:

MAHER TRAVEL BUREAU, INC.
47 East 44th Street
New York, New York 10017

Also operators of a wide variety of Student Tours to Europe

Please send me complete information on:
☐ Boys Summer Camp in Ireland
☐ Student Tours to Europe

CHRISTIAN UNITY PILGRIMAGE

French Ecumenical Centers Contacting European Christians
London — Paris — France

FOR ALL CHRISTIANS

August 3-24, 1964

$650, $750, Depending on Number of Participants. Inquire:

ASSOCIATION FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY
Box 74, Bethlehem, Connecticut

TEGAWITHA
CATHOLIC CAMP FOR GIRLS, 6-16

Atop the Poconos. On private lake. All land sports, swimming, riding, dramatics, dancing, crafts, tutoring. 8 or 4 weeks. Private chapel on grounds.

47th Year

For catalog, address:
Mrs. James P. Lynch, Director
Camp Tegawitha, Box G, Tobyhanna, Pa. 18466

country possesses. This he simply cannot do and remain a just war theorist." If the just war theory is the only one which a Christian can embrace, the conclusion would as readily be, "This he cannot do and remain a Christian."

Mere Religiosity

A Long Madness. By Antonio Barolini. Pantheon. $4.95.

by Thomas P. McDonnell

A SLIGHT desperation may sometimes lead the stymied reviewer furtively to glance at the publisher's blurb in order to find the clearest possible statement—that is to say, ulterior motive—for publishing the work at hand. Pantheon books, moreover, are so well-made and jacketed that for any esthetically inclined reader this mild breach of *a priori* objectivity is more a pleasant indulgence than a professional hazard.

In any case, Pantheon's blurbist could not be more off the mark than when he (or she) describes the theme of *A Long Madness* to be as universal as the evil it exposes—bigotry. The error is not in the contention of a universal religious bigotry, heaven knows, but in the attempt to make all this the burden for mere religiosity. In fact, the religiosity of Maria-Assunta—the chief figure in Antonio Barolini's novel—is so severe that it cannot itself become anything more than the symptom of emotional disturbance.

At first, curiously, Maria-Assunta's pieties are so blandly typical of the religious experience gone smotheringly amorphous that it reminded me of nothing so much as its opposite effects in Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. In short, the congealing effects of British midland religiosity—derived almost wholly from the chill reduction of the religious experience—does not to me seem entirely removed from the sometimes excessive and opera-like trappings of Mediterranean religiosity. But the curiosity of this Maugham/Barolini parallel, so to speak, should not be carried beyond the use of the dramatic creature caught in the bondage of a certain milieu—this, perhaps, and the shared similarity of what may best be described as the novel in its "old fashioned" narrative mode.

Aside from the calculating art of the blurbist, then, one can almost certainly predict that a major portion of commentary on this book will quite forget the significance of its title—for, indeed, Maria-Assunta's is a very long madness. That is to say, it becomes an increasingly severe displacement of religious awareness from the sources and resources of authentic grace—to say nothing, of course, of the saving grace of humor. It is curious, in fact, suddenly to realize that a novel so utterly humorless could itself come out of Italy—curious, that is, until you realize that Mr. Barolini has been a resident of Syracuse, New York, for more than a decade. Consequently, one supposes, there is nothing especially funny about living in Syracuse and writing transplanted novels.

In any case, the affliction of Maria-Assunta has but slight resemblance to that of, say, Maria Cross. It is not so much demon-possessed as self-possessed—in the sense that one might desire a kind of universal conformity to one's self-centered vision of salvation, which, in Maria-Assunta, is nothing much more than the survival of the fittest ego. It is not even a decent case of solipsism. She not only recognizes the external reality of the world—she attempts to manipulate it with an (im)purely astonishing vengeance.

She attempts to take over the spiritual "reform" of her husband, Pietro, in a way that cannot but fail completely to alienate him. A lucid moment or two of sexual love becomes distorted from its context of Christian sacrament to dismal rages of guilt and ultimate denial. When Pietro dies, she transfers her obsession to reform, as well as to control, the human soul to their son Giovanni. He is early nurtured as a saint in the bud. When, later, Giovanni does not seem a likely plant for the full bloom of sanctity, Maria-Assunta demands a "Go to communion!" proof of his purity and intent.

The pattern of Pietro is thus repeated—more accurately, reenacted—in Giovanni. But where Pietro man-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aged to die pretty much on his own terms, so to speak, Giovanni is given a bit of a tasty little brew called St. Basil's tea. If the tea takes, you're ready for heaven. One does not really know about the "readiness" of Giovanni, but the tea takes anyway, and Maria-Assunta herself is apparently left unmarked by this grotesque aberration of solace: "Now you are in Jesus."

A Long Madness is without doubt a severe indictment of the fanatical use of the religious impulse to usurp, and even to destroy, the fruition of other human beings for the sake of dominant self-survival. But it is a madness. Maria-Assunta's madness, so far removed from the Mariology she constantly implores, is itself an all but unaccountable reversion to the Gravesian goddess as comforter and bitch.

In anything like this, of course, there is an inevitable weakening of the human experience as a dramatically viable vision of reality. The most serious problem of the contemporary novelist is that he has not yet found a way to balance the insights of so-called depth psychology with the drama of man's free will. When the one explains the other away, it must always do so at the cost of the human drama itself. If the terror in the knowledge of evil is entirely absent from human experience, there is little left for anything but peripheral material for a case history.

Something of this exquisite agony may be clearly recognized, I think, in Barolini's *A Long Madness*. How unfortunate, then, that its overwhelmingly distorted and demented religiosity—or bigotry, as the blurbist calls it—*is* very nearly identified as the universal condition of both institutional and personal religion.

Just published!

Cassell's New Compact Latin Dictionary

Latin-English · English-Latin

Compiled by
D. P. Simpson, M.A., *Eton College*

An abridgment of **Cassell's New Latin Dictionary,** this work covers the language of the "classical" period and carries the same authority that characterizes the larger dictionary. Retaining the vocabulary of greatest frequency, **Cassell's New Compact Latin Dictionary** will be of especial value to the beginning student of Latin. Handy pocket format. Durable binding.

379 pages 4⅜ x 7⅛ $2.95

For Fuller Coverage

Cassell's New Latin Dictionary

Latin-English · English-Latin

Also compiled by D. P. Simpson

A major revision of a work that has been standard for more than a century.

883 pages 6 x 9
$7.50; thumb-indexed, $8.50

Also . . . Cassell's

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, *and* ITALIAN Dictionaries

Each $7.50; thumb-indexed, $8.50

At all bookstores
FUNK & WAGNALLS
360 Lexington Ave., New York City 10017

Candid Nuns

Contemplative Nuns Speak. Presented by Bernard Bro, O.P. Helicon. $4.95.

by Dorothy Hunt

"OUR PURPOSE was not to investigate the conditions of life of female contemplatives in the present time. . . . But in questioning concerning the mystery of God those who have consecrated their lives to that mystery, we proposed that they should place themselves at the service of the faith of the Church."

With this purpose in the reader's mind, Bernard Bro's presentation of the results of his questionnaire to French contemplatives on the genesis of their vocations, prayer, the use of time and what he has called "the mystery of God" becomes a book which achieves its objective. The faith of the Church has been witnessed; the layman as well as the religious has gained insight into a vocation unnecessarily cloaked in mystery.

Perhaps what is most inspired about this book is the candor which the questionnaire has evoked from the more than 1800 nuns who answered it. Not that we hesitate to admit abstractly that nuns are human. Yet, if each of us who is not a member of a contemplative community questioned himself honestly, he might qualify his abstract admission by expressing a feeling of distance and sometimes downright

HERDER SPRING HEADLINERS

THE NATURE OF THE MYSTICAL BODY

by Ernest Mura

More than a mere restatement of time-worn expressions on the Mystical Body, Father Mura's work presents a true theology of this important doctrine, as it explores every aspect, historical and doctrinal, of this remarkable teaching. $5.75

THE CROWN OF LIFE

by C. J. McElligott, C.Ss. R.

A book written for laity, for religious, and for priests alike, The Crown of Life brings the virtue of perseverance into a new perspective. The author in highly readable prose, investigates the various aspects of the Christian life in which perseverance is the keystone of success. $4.50

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARTYRDOM

by Francois Roustang, S.J.

A superb collection of the spiritual writings of the early Jesuit missionaries to Canada, An Autobiography of Martyrdom permits the reader to share the sufferings, the hardships, and the interior joy of a group of men who are numbered among the greatest saints of North America. $5.75

THE FORMATION OF THE BIBLE

by Georges Auzou

An authoritative account of the environment and of the events which produced the Bible as we know it today, and of the men whose genius it reflects. A further study of biblical writings by the author of The Word of God. $6.00

At Your Bookstore or from:
HERDER
OF SAINT LOUIS
314 N. Jefferson / St. Louis, Mo. 63103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Occasional Reader:

Perhaps you have often thought of subscribing to The Commonweal but have not quite got around to it. To tempt you into trying the magazine for a while on a regular basis (and two dollars for seventeen issues isn't much of a risk) we list here a few of the recent articles you might have missed.

Were you caught up in the dispute over Rolf Hochhuth's play, "The Deputy" and really wished you knew more about it? Our issue of February 28th had seven different articles and comments—a fascinating collection, some of our readers have told us, and one that drew many requests for reprints.

Are you concerned with "the problem of secularism" and what it means for the Christian in American life today? Harvey Cox's article "Facing the Secular" in the February 21 issue gave some provocative thoughts on the subject.

Are you confused by the various strands of the recurring argument over school aid? Our double-sized issue of January 31, "Federal Aid and Catholic Schools" presented the spectrum of views in a lucid and compact way.

Can laymen, who know marriage best, make a contribution to the Church's understanding of marriage? Michael Novak's affirmative answer to this question in our February 14 issue, a particularly pertinent article, has drawn widespread attention.

These are the kinds of articles we try to bring you on a regular basis. As an occasional reader you might come across articles of unique interest to you. As a subscriber, you get them all.

Special Introductory Offer

---------- 17 Issues for $2 ----------

For New Subscribers Only

THE COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Enclosed is $2. Please send the next 17 issues of The Commonweal to:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone .....State .....

5/8/64

unapproachability when in the company of religious women. Although he has not, in all probability, been in the presence of contemplative nuns, he might raise this feeling to a higher exponential where they are concerned. They conjure up for him medieval images of anchoresses stuck fast to the parish walls. These are the women who traffic with the outside world through a grillwork of anonymity; who pray unceasingly, even in the small hours of the morning; who swathe themselves in oblivion; who eat frugally, in silence, to the strains of spiritual reading and the gaunt visual delight of a polished skull. To the non-Christian, the contemplative life is, indeed, a collective foolishness. To the Christian who is not a contemplative, it is at least unnatural.

With the reading of this book, however, such attitudes are gradually tempered and even dispelled. When contemplatives do speak, they speak not with the tongues of angels, but in the language of men.

In their candor, they differ with and from one another. Numerous examples of this diversity come readily to hand. One Poor Clare, for instance, seems to have little difficulty "using the present moment." She writes: "This thought (comparing herself to a consecrated object) sometimes helps me *to use things and even the time at my disposal, as something 'lent' to me* which I must respect," while a Benedictine expresses her trials with time: " . . . a Superior once said to me, *'As for you, you would need to be forced to waste time!'* And I consider that this point, which has become a mania, even in the religious life, should be seriously taken into consideration by the confessors and above all by the superiors of religious houses."

Another Benedictine, questioned about making reparation for sinners, replies that she does not "care for expressions such as 'to pray for sinners,' . . . I see in them a pharisaical tendency to put humanity into two categories: 'good people' (of whom I am evidently one) and 'sinners,' towards whom my high virtue makes me benevolent and whom I feel entrusted with the task of saving. No! We are all sinners . . . ransomed by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Stores

ST. LOUIS, MO.

B. HERDER BOOK CO.

TWO STORES

15 and 17 SOUTH BROADWAY
1007 OLIVE STREET
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

ST. PAUL, MINN.

THE E. M. LOHMANN CO.

413-417 Sibley St. St. Paul 1, Minn.
Phone CApital 2-6801

PITTSBURGH, PA.

KIRNER's
Catholic Book Store
309 Market Street
Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania
Phone: CO 1-2326 and 1-2327

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Aquinas Library & Book Shop, Inc.
A Non-Profit Corporation
138 N. Michigan St., South Bend, Ind.
Mail orders welcomed
All the new and standard books—
Religious Articles—Prayer Books & Missals

Classified

● RATES: 25¢ a word, 12 words minimum. Centered lines: $1.50 a line, 2 lines minimum.
Discounts: 3 times, 5%; 7 times, 10%; 13 times, 15%. Payable with order.

Editorial Assistant Wanted

● CATHOLIC PRESS, near New York, needs qualified assistant editor. Wide range books, pamphlets, etc. State experience, salary. BOX 58, The Commonweal.

Missionary

● STRUGGLING MISSIONARY working among aboriginals asks for help. Masses or donations. FATHER RAPHAEL, Catholic Mission, Konnam P. O., Mavelikara, South India.

Campers Wanted

● CAMPERS (young families). 50 minutes World's Fair. Veteran campers have space for one family at a time on wooded grounds of our home in Westchester County. Privileges as guests, $9 a day. P. O. Box 75, Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Subscribers should give 4 weeks notice of change of address. Please enclose address portion from a current Commonweal wrapper with your new address and zip code.

College of
Notre Dame of Maryland
Baltimore 10, Maryland
Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame
Fully Accredited
Program leading to A.B. degree
Arts and Sciences
Teacher Training Pre-Medical
For catalog and further information address the Director of Admissions

the blood of Christ." Add to this disapproval of the question a Carmelite's dismay at the whole idea: "I admit that suffering frightens me. I am only capable of accepting from day to day the suffering the good God sends me. But as for asking for it . . . !"

Finally, writing on her reaction to the liturgy, another Carmelite states that it has "helped me greatly," while a Trappistine counters with "Liturgy! For me it is the fly in the ointment. This may seem absolutely abnormal in the life of a nun; I am keenly aware of that. The Liturgy does not help me much, to put it plainly. So it does me quite a lot of good to air my view on the subject." And she goes on to do precisely that, noting that it is perhaps the early hour set for Mass and not the Mass itself which she finds hard.

The nuns, then, display honesty in answering. They also characterize themselves, sometimes unwittingly, as holy, simple, happily committed and, curiously enough, often the products of a childhood bout with Jansenism. Although their book—for it is more theirs than their Dominican editor's—has a special appeal for religious, both those in the so-called "active" congregations (at heart, contemplative) and those in the Second Order, its reading would profit the layman as well. Just as the religious must keep abreast of the thought and struggle of the layman, so, too, the layman ought to investigate the relevance and rationale of the contemplative life. It is a question of understanding one another as different—neither lesser nor greater—members of Christ. It is a question of serving knowledgeably the faith of the Church.

REVIEWERS

John Fandel, himself a poet, is the author of *Testament and Other Poems* (Sheed & Ward).

W. E. Arnold, formerly an associate editor of The Commonweal, is a member of the Philosophy Department at Hunter College in New York.

Justus George Lawler is Editor of Continuum, a new quarterly sponsored by Saint Xavier College, Chicago.

Thomas P. McDonnell is a member of the staff of the Boston *Pilot*.

Dorothy Hunt is Assistant Editor of *The Critic*.

SPRING BOOKS FROM DESCLEE

THE MESSAGE OF MONASTIC SPIRITUALITY

by André Louf, O.C.S.O., *et al.*

Searching the past from the earliest manifestations of monastic life and through its long history, a group of scholars, under the direction of Abbot André Louf of the French Cistercian Abbey of Mont des Cats, attempts to get at tht traditional elements of a spiritual doctrine proper to the monastic way of life. **$4.95**

THE MYSTERY OF TIME

by Jean Mouroux

A theological inquiry, divided into three parts: God and Time, Christ and Time, and The Church and Time. **$5.50**

SAINT MADELEINE SOPHIE BARAT

—Her Life of Prayer and Her Teaching

by A. Brou, S.J.

Not a biography but a treatment of Mother Barat's lofty but practical teaching. **$3.50**

A MANUAL OF PHILOSOPHY

Vol. I: *Cosmology and Philosophical Psychology*

by André Munier, professor at the Major Seminary of Nancy (France) The particular merit of this Manual is its presentation of Thomistic principles in a context which shows acute awareness of the exigencies of contemporary thought. **$8.50**

A HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALITY

Vol. I: *The Spirituality of the New Testament and the Fathers*

by Louis Bouyer, Cong. Or.

This is the first attempt in forty years to present a history of Christian spirituality in such a way that it can be both a readable guide for the non-specialist and a comprehensive manual and reference book for students and teachers. **$9.50**

DESCLEE CO., INC.
280 Broadway
New York 7, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"the richest"

THE MASKS OF GOD
OCCIDENTAL MYTHOLOGY

"The third—and thus far the richest—volume of Joseph Campbell's *magnum opus* on the mythologies of the world."—ALAN WATTS, *Book Find News*. Drawing on the latest findings of archaeology and the ageless treasury of myth and legend, the author traces the themes that underlie the art, worship, and literature of our modern western world. *Illustrated* $7.95

By JOSEPH CAMPBELL

"brilliant"

THE END OF ALLIANCE
America and the Future of Europe

A brilliant, and hugely controversial book which claims that the cold war is over, that NATO is obsolete, that our current policy toward Europe is detrimental to our own interests. "By demolishing current American illusions and complacency... Mr. Steel has made a useful and original contribution to our understanding of international affairs."
—STANLEY HOFFMANN, *Dept. of Government, Harvard University* $3.75

By RONALD STEEL

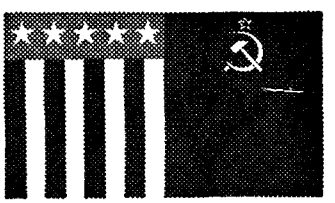
new non-fiction from...

VIKING

625 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022

"pathfinding"

POLITICAL POWER: USA/USSR



A milestone in political commentary by two young but distinguished political scientists; illustrated with some startling case histories. "A pathfinding study which opens up new perspectives in the comparative analysis of Soviet and American political institutions."
—MERLE FAINSOD, *Russian Research Center, Harvard University* $7.50

By ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI and SAMUEL P. HUNTINGTON

"fascinating"

A STAR CALLED THE SUN

"...by the brilliant and delightful Russian-born American physicist.... All of the books exhibit his special blend of serious science and lively humor ...a challenge and a delight."—*New Yorker*. Here is his newest—and *entirely* new—book, a fascinating guide to modern knowledge of the sun. *65 illustrations* $5.75

By GEORGE GAMOW,
author of *A Planet Called Earth*, etc.

"a real find"

THE SYMBOLIC MEANING
The Uncollected Versions of Studies in Classic American Literature

By D. H. LAWRENCE

Perhaps the best of his literary criticism, these pieces written before 1917 are the first critiques of twelve American authors. Unlike the later published version of *Studies*, these are generous and well-tempered—a real find for Lawrence enthusiasts. $5.00

Edited by Armin Arnold • Introduction by Harry T. Moore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED